

INTERESTING
A N E C D O T E S,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
INTERESTING
Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY,
EXEMPLIFIED IN AN
Anecdote of a Country Curate.

SOME years since resided in a country village, a poor, but worthy Clergyman; who, with a small stipend of forty pounds a year, supported himself, a wife, and seven children. It's true, that he had a garden, which he cultivated with his own hands, and, by his industry, it afforded them vegetables for their table. He likewise had a cow, which, by the assistance of his wife, supplied them all with a plentiful morning's repast; for tea was wholly banished from their frugal board.

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This

This good Curate not only preached twice every Sunday, but frequently visited all his parishioners, and taught them, not only by his precepts, but by his examples, true piety and benevolence. It so happened, that at a time he was in some distress from the narrowness of his circumstances, as he was walking and meditating in the fields, he stumbled, and, looking down to see the cause, he espied a purse with some what in it. On taking it up, he found it to be full of gold: but this truly conscientious man, notwithstanding the narrowness of his circumstances, had not one wish (by secreting it) to rob its owner of it; but looked round, and went backward and forward, in hopes to see him: but to no purpose, as no object presented itself to his view. He went home, and communicated to his wife what had happened: but she, not judging so rightly as her husband, looked upon it as a gift Providence had sent them, and therefore wished him to employ part of it to extricate them out of their present difficulty: but he, in answer to her repeated solicitations, told her, that as he did not look upon it as his own property, whatever might be their wants, he would do his best to find out its owner, adding, that HONESTY WAS THE BEST POLICY.

After

After some short time, he was sent for to a gentleman who lived at some little distance, who claimed the purse; and to whom (after his giving an account of the pieces it contained) he restored it. But the gentleman gave him no other reward than thanks, his name and place of abode.

On the good man's return, his wife could not help reproaching the gentleman with ingratitude, and insinuating that it would have been better to have kept the purse, to supply their wants, than to return it to so ungrateful a person, who probably did not want the money it contained. To all her remarks and observations the Curate made no other reply, than that (notwithstanding all she urged, and all that had happened) still HONESTY WAS THE BEST POLICY,

Some months ran on after this, when the Curate received an invitation to dine with the aforesaid gentleman; who, after he had entertained him with a friendly hospitality, presented him with the Presentation to a Living of three hundred a year, to which he added a bill of fifty pounds for his present necessities.

The Curate, after making suitable and most grateful acknowledgments to his kind benefactor, returned with joy to his wife and family, acquaint-

ing them with the happy change in his circumstances; adding that he hoped now she would be convinced that HONESTY WAS THE BEST POLICY. To which she fully acquiesced.

THE LOTTERY TICKET, *A MORAL TALE.*

BY a train of disappointments, as unmeritted as they were unforeseen, Mr. Clinton, an eminent merchant, found himself reduced from an affluent situation to very moderate circumstances. He was married, and had *one* child, a daughter. Mrs Clinton had a good understanding, and a good heart; and as she and her husband were neither young, nor madly attached to the pleasures of the world, they left the Metropolis to spend the remainder of their days in retirement, without murmuring at the dispensations of Providence. Not a little cheared, indeed, were they in their retreat, by the consciousness of having done nothing to deserve the considerable change in their affairs. Retrospection, it is true, sometimes drew sighs from Mrs. Clinton's gentle bosom; but the philosophic consolations of *him*, who had from his wedding

wedding-day made *her* happiness the principal object of his attention, brightened her features with the smiles of contentment as often as they were clouded.

The place which they fixed upon for their retreat, was a spot extremely pleasant, within a few miles of London: their house was privately, but most agreeably situated: they had charming landscapes round them, whenever they threw up their windows; and the few friends, out of the herd of acquaintance, who crowded their routs in B—— Square, declared, whenever they came to see them, that their little villa was delightful.

Mrs. Clinton, having a passion for plants and flowers, found great amusement in the garden, which, with the education of a very tractable daughter, and the superintendence of her small family affairs, sufficiently excluded any complaints against the tediousness of time.

Fanny Clinton, when she was removed from London, was about twelve years of age; extremely pleasing in her person, sensible and good-natured. She merited all the indulgence with which she was treated by her affectionate parents; but they certainly were too fond of her—too fond of her for their own felicity; for while they loved her to excess, their fears, their anxieties about her, were beyond expression.

Mr.

Mr. Clinton's house was in a populous village; but it stood at a distance from the gay and fashionable part of it. Far from being displeased, however, with the privacy of his situation, it was on that very account, the more agreeable to him; for he wanted not to keep a great deal of company, as he lived not in the style to which he had been accustomed: with a few sober, regular people, like themselves, he and Mrs. Clinton chiefly associated in a neighbouring way, without any ceremony or ostentation, and were determined to have no connections with the quality of D——. They might have been visited by half the place, had they given cards. They were much respected, indeed, by those who *had*, and those who had *not* routs; by the *former* they could not be *loved*; but they were satisfied by the respect and esteem of the *latter*.

After having lived very happily at D—— for five years, the addresses of a young gentleman to their Fanny gave them a great deal of pleasure.

Mr. Hadley was a man of unexceptionable character; but he had not a large fortune: yet, as he was desperately enamoured with Fanny, and genteely offered to marry her without a shilling *down*, both Mr. and Mrs. Clinton thought him an object

object not to be disregarded. They would not, however, have consented to a marriage between him and their daughter had not she been as much prejudiced in his favour, as he, evidently, was in *hers*: they had too sincere an affection for her to desire to have her separated from them with a man to whom she was averse; but as she really felt a strong prepossession for Mr. Hadley, they rationally believed that they would be mutually happy in the marriage state.

While the necessary preparations were making for the wedding-day, a ticket Mr. Clinton had in the lottery, came up a *ten thousand*.

- This event had such an effect upon Mrs. Clinton, that it absolutely transformed her into a new woman. She was suddenly seized with a violent desire to return to her old neighbourhood in London, that those who had with a malicious compassion triumphed over her on being obliged to *retire*, might be mortified by the sight of her in a *situation* equal to the showy one in which she once figured amongst them.

Mr. Clinton, however, having a stronger understanding, was not so elated with his success as to wish to launch out into his former style of living; on the contrary, he took no small pains to drive

drive out of Mrs. Clinton's mind, the magnificent ideas which had intruded themselves into it. But how little do we know ourselves!

By the death of a distant relation a few weeks afterwards, Mr. Clinton, very unexpectedly, as they had not for many years been upon good terms, came into the possession of a fortune more than double his prize.

This acquisition coming so quick after the other, spoilt him entirely for a philosopher, and he began to feel the flame which he had so strenuously endeavoured to extinguish in the bosom of his *ambitious* wife, burning in his own breast: the rage for *appearance*, tho' each of them was on the wrong side of forty, animated them both to such a degree, that they, from that moment, thought of nothing but pomp, parade, equipage, and state. When a passion for gaiety and splendor, predominates in the hearts of those who are hastening to the autumnal part of their lives, it generally drives them into ridiculous situations; in which situations they certainly deserve all the meriment they excite.

The village of D——— was no longer to be endured.—Enquiries were made immediately after a handsome house in the Square from which they had

had prudentially removed; and luckily for them, as they thought, intoxicated with the flattering revolution of their affairs, a house was just at that time evacuated by the lady whose husband a few months before died in it. Mr. Clinton, as soon as he heard of it, hurried to the landlord, and closed an agreement with him as precipitately as if the felicity of his future life depended upon his *second* residence in B—— Square.

While the preparations for their departure from D—— were going forward with the utmost expedition, Mr. Hadley returned from an excursion which he had made into H——pshire, in order to settle every thing for the reception of his bride; and imagined he should give Mr. and Mrs. Clinton no small satisfaction, by informing them that he was quite ready to wait on their daughter to church. Of Fanny's satisfaction he was pretty well assured.

To his extreme surprize he was received by Mr. Clinton with coldness; and when he acquainted him with the arrangements he had made in his house in H——pshire, in consequence of having obtained his consent to marry Miss Clinton, he received the following reply.—“ I have altered my mind, Sir, since you were here last, with regard to the disposal of my Fanny.”

C

“ Altered

"Altered your mind, Sir!" said Hadley, with some warmth: "What are your reasons for this unexpected behaviour?"

"I am not obliged to give my reasons to any body, Sir."

Hadley not being able to procure any answers from Mr. Clinton, more satisfactory than that aforementioned, left him the parlour to himself, and went in search of Mrs. Clinton.

He found her in the garden watering her flowers; and could not help complaining to her, (looking upon her entirely in his interest) of the reception he had met with from her husband.

"Mr. Clinton, Sir, knows what he is about; and if you are dissatisfied with *his* behaviour, you will be equally so with *mine*, for we think, unanimously, I assure you, upon this occasion."

He then desired to see Miss Clinton.

"She is not at home, Sir; and if you will take my advice, you will never come hither again, for Mr. Clinton and I cannot now think of having you allied to us."

Hadley, though he had a small fortune, had a great deal of pride: he, therefore, did not attempt
to

to make another visit to Mr. Clinton: but as he loved Fanny too *sincerely* not to wish to learn her sentiments, with regard to him, he wrote a very respectful and affectionate letter to her; and was rendered extremely happy by her answer, in which she positively declared, that she would give her hand to no man breathing but himself.

When Mr. and Mrs. Clinton were settled in their new house, those who had broke off all connections with them, came pouring in to pay their congratulating visits: their vanity was flattered by receiving those visits; and their pride gratified by not returning them. By this behaviour they threw the greatest part of the Square into a violent commotion; but they were exceedingly easy about it: they were, indeed, sufficiently rejoiced at having an opportunity to mortify those families whose insolent behaviour they had with a proper spirit resented.

With their new neighbours, people who came to live in the Square, after their retreat from it, they kept up a very regular visiting; but they were esteemed by nobody with whom they associated. They were envied for the splendor of their appearance; and they were hated for the haughtiness with which it was accompanied. They went to all public places; and in all public places

were laughed at: their dresses were rich; their carriages were elegant, and their entertainments were superb; but their extravagance was excessive: so that while they were running from one end of the town to the other, in order to make an ostentatious display of their riches, they were, literally, running to ruin. When a man and his wife are both seized with a furious propensity to make a *flash* in the world, when their youthful days are over, and with that propensity, likewise, have a lofty disregard for œconomy, they are certainly not in their perfect senses: they are downright lunatics, and deserve *strait-waistcoats* as much as the insane inhabitants of Chelsea and Moorfields.

Mr. Clinton, soon after his return to B—— Square, found that his daughter had many admirers, among men of the first fashion in town. To a man of quality, therefore, he determined, if possible, to marry her.—Mrs. Clinton was equally desirous of having her daughter ennobled. An old debauched Lord paid his addresses to her, married her, and in a short time afterwards gave her a blow upon the breast, in a fit of jealousy, which brought on a cancer; and that cancer, in less than a twelvemonth, during which her sufferings in body and mind, are not to be described, brought her to the grave.

Not

Not long after the decease of their daughter, which made very little impresson upon them while they were carried along the stream of *high life*, with an irresistible rapidity, they started as from a frightful dream, when they were informed by their steward, that a single thousand only remained out of the five and thirty with which they came from their retirement at D——.

With the interest arising from that solitary thousand, after having sold off all their superfluities to pay their debts, they retired a second time.

They merely existed during the remainder of their days: they were completely miserable, now conscious of having merited their misfortunes, perpetually upbraiding and reproaching each other in the severest terms.

AN ANECDOTE.

DURING the Emperor's voyage in Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road. With much difficulty he reached a poor village. On his arrival there, his Majesty got out at the door of a blacksmith, and desired him to repair the damaged wheel without delay. "That I would

I would very willingly, (replied the smith) but it being holiday, all my men are at church: my very apprentice who blows the bellows, is not at home.” —“ An excellent method then presents of warming one’s self,” replied the Emperor, still preserving the incognito; and the great Joseph set about blowing the bellows while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, six sols were demanded for the job; but the Emperor, instead of them, put into his hand six ducats. The blacksmith, on seeing them, returned them to the traveller, saying, “ Sir, you have undoubtedly made a mistake, owing to the darkness; instead of six sols, you have given me six pieces of gold, which nobody in this village can change.” “ Change them where you can (replied the Emperor) the overplus is for the pleasure of blowing the bellows.” His Majesty then continued his journey without waiting for an answer.

ANECDOTE
OF LADY G——.

LORD G—— had by his irregularity brought his health into a very critical state, and his physicians recommended matrimony to him, as the most certain method of living regularly: he accordingly

accordingly formed a resolution of offering his hand to the first woman he could fancy; when being one day in the spring, in Kensington-Gardens, and a heavy shower falling, he was obliged to take shelter in the same covered seat as two ladies, one of whom was Miss V——n. A conversation ensued, in which he asked the ladies if they had a carriage, to which they replied in the negative,—he intreated them to take part of his, to convey them to town, which, with little intreaty, they accepted. On their way to town, Miss V—— said, she thought it was the easiest carriage she ever had been in, to which his Lordship politely replied, “ she might be the mistress of it, whenever she pleased ” Miss V—— blushed and thanked him, and they were married within a month from that day.

ANECDOTE OF EPAMINONDAS.

EPAMINONDAS, the Theban General, was at first but in low circumstances, yet the greatness of his soul never suffered him to stoop to gain:—An agent from Xerxes, mentioning to him a vast sum of money, he calmly answered, “ Money, Sir, is a thing which must have nothing to do betwixt you and I.—If the King, your master,

ter, is inclined to do good, as an ally to Thebes, my friendship shall cost him nothing; but if his design has any other views, all the gold and silver he possesses will never purchase one who suffers not the whole riches of the world so much as to enter into competition with the love of his country." So Thebes, by his merit only, was raised to the highest pitch of glory, as Athens was kept from destruction solely by Demosthenes.

I N D O L E N C E

C H A R A C T E R I Z E D.

INDOLENCE deprives men of all that activity which could call forth their virtues, and make them illustrious. An indolent man is scarcely a man; he wills and unwills at a breath: he may have good intentions of discharging a duty, while that duty is at a distance; let it but approach, let him but view the time of action near, and down drops his hands in languor. What can be done with such a man? He is absolutely good for nothing: business tires him, reading fatigues him.— If he is employed, moments are as hours to him: if he is amused, hours are as moments. In general, his whole time eludes him: he lets it glide away

away as water under a bridge. Ask him what he has done with his morning, he knows nothing about it; for he has lived without one reflection upon his existence. He sleeps as long as it is possible to sleep, dresses slowly, amuses himself in chat with the first person who calls upon him, and takes several turns in his room 'till dinner; dinner is served up; and the evening will be spent as unprofitable as the morning, and his whole life as this day.—Such a wretch is good for nothing: it is only pride that can support him in a life so worthless, and so much beneath the character of a man.

O R I G I N

O F T H E

Grey Mare's being the better Horse.

A Gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such

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a temper,

a temper, and so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having enquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him, " why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the married state?" The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife." " Son, (said the old man) you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict enquiry into the truth or falshood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every

every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses; I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further enquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county: he knocked at the door, and enquiring for the master of the house, was told, by a servant, that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said,

if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, Madam, (said he) my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me: you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse.—It is, Madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you?" "Indeed, Sir, (replied the lady) this question is somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things; but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected, in such a case, let him answer for me: for here he comes.

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which, she thought, would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but Madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What (said she) and will you not take her then? But I say you shall; for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear, (replied the husband) if it must be so"—"You must take an egg (replied the gentleman carter) and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

A SINGULAR CATASTROPHE

OF A

Genoese Nobleman and his Lady.

THERE lived not long since, in Genoa, a young Nobleman, named Marini, who had a large estate in the island of Corsica, whither he went every five or six years, to regulate his affairs. At the age of five and twenty he was married to a beautiful lady, the daughter of a Venetian Senator, called Monimia, who had refused the greatest matches in Italy, to prefer the fortunate Marini.

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As their marriage was founded upon a mutual esteem, their passion increased instead of diminishing by enjoyment, till they became an example of conjugal duty to all that knew them. They had lived many years in this uninterrupted state of felicity, when Marini was obliged to make a voyage to Corfica, which was then disturbed by a rebellious insurrection, in order to secure his patrimony, by encouraging his dependants to stand firm in defence of their country. But the greatest affliction, and which absorbed all the rest, was his being necessitated to part, for a while, from Monimia, who being then very big with child, was incapacitated to go with him as usual. When the fatal time of parting was come, they embraced with the utmost grief, and the warmest prayers to Heaven for one another's safety. As soon as this affecting scene was over, Marini embarked, and having a fair wind, arrived safe at Bastia in a few hours.

The success of the rebels being stopped, and the affairs of the island a little settled again, our lover began to prepare for his return to Genoa; but as he was walking one day by the harbour where the ships of burden lay, he heard two sailors, who were just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife, then absent from the Republic.

Republic. This casual circumstance greatly alarmed him, and excited his curiosity to listen farther to their conversation; when, after a little pause, he heard one of them mention the name of his dear Monimia. At these words his surprize and affliction was so great, that he had not power to follow the mariners to satisfy his doubt, but instantly swooned away, and when he recovered, found himself surrounded by his own servants, lamenting over him. At the same time that this happened to Marini, something of the same nature equally distressed Monimia; for an imperfect account came to Genoa, by the Captain of a Venetian vessel, that a gentleman named Marini had been surprized, near Bastia, by a remaining party of rebels, and that he and all his attendants were killed by them. These two accounts involved our unfortunate pair in the greatest distress. They immediately took shipping, in order to be convinced of what they so much dreaded to know, the one for Corfica, the other for Genoa.—They were both sailed, when a violent storm arose, which drove their vessels upon a little island in the Mediterranean.—Marini's ship landed first, where, whilst the rest of the crew were refreshing themselves, the inconsolable widower, as he thought himself, wandered, with one servant only, into a little wood that was near the sea shore, to
give

give a loose to his immoderate grief. Soon after, the Genoese ship landed too, and the same motive led Monimia, with one of her maids, into the wood where her husband was, lamenting his unfortunate condition. They had not been there long, before they heard each other's complaint, and drew nearer, mutually, to see if there was any wretch living equally miserable with themselves. But how great was the astonishment of both, when they met in a little path, and saw each other! The immoderate joy was such, and the transition from one extreme to the other so instantaneous, that all the power they had was to fall into each other's arms, where they expired in a few minutes after! Their bodies were conveyed to Italy, and were interred with all the solemnity and magnificence due to their quality and eminent virtues.

V I R T U E

THE SOLE

FOUNDATION OF HAPPINESS.

K NOW then this truth (enough for man to know)

Virtue alone is happiness below.

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where

Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the most distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
 know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature up to Nature's God;
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;

E

And

And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began;
 All end in love of God, and love of Man.
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on the soul;
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessings thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human
 soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The

The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next, and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

DISCONTENT.

IN the humble and seemingly quiet shade of private life, as well as among the great and mighty, Discontent broods over its imaginary sorrows; preys upon the citizen no less than the courtier, and often nourishes passions equally malignant in the cottage and in the palace. Having once seized the mind, it spreads its own gloom over every surrounding object; it every where searches out materials for itself, and in no direction more frequently employs its unhappy activity, than in creating divisions among mankind, and in magnifying slight provocations into mortal injuries.

In situations where much comfort might be enjoyed, this man's superiority, and that man's

neglect, our jealousy of a friend, our hatred of a rival, and imagined affront, or a mistaken point of honour, allow us no repose. Hence discord in families, animosities among friends, and wars among nations! Look round us! every where we find a busy multitude. Restless and uneasy in their present situation, they are incessantly employed in accomplishing a change of it; and as soon as their wish is fulfilled, we discern by their behaviour, that they are dissatisfied as they were before. Where they expected to have found a paradise, they find a desert.

The man of business pines for leisure; the leisure for which he had longed, proves an irksome gloom, and through want of employment, he languishes, sickens, and dies.

The man of retirement fancies no state so happy, as that of active life; but he has not long engaged in the tumults and contests of the world, until he finds cause to look back with regret on the calm hours of his privacy and retreat.

Beauty, wit, eloquence, and fame, are eagerly desired by persons of every rank of life. They are the parent's fondest wish for his child; the ambition of the young, and the admiration of the old;

old ; and yet in what numberless instances have they proved, to those who possessed them, no other than shining snares, seductions to vice, instigations to folly, and, in the end, sources of misery.

GRATITUDE.

TH E R E is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge it for the natural gratification that accompanies it. If Gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker. The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties, which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, is the gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

THE

THE FOLLY OF
ANTICIPATING MISFORTUNES.

THERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the secure possession of the present hour, and the dismissal of all the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder, by importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of those delights which our condition happens to set before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always considered as the fallies of a genius, intent rather upon giving pleasure than instruction, eager to take every advantage of insinuation, and, provided the passions can be engaged on its side, very little solicitous about the suffrage of reason.

The darkness and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled to wander in the pursuit of happiness, may, indeed, be alledged as an excuse for many of their seducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder that such as had no promise of another state should eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before them

them; but surely those who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity, might think it necessary to put some restraint upon their imagination, and reflect, that by echoing the songs of the ancient bacchanals, and transmitting the maxims of past debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and submit to the servility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be ashamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are seldom without some radiations of understanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to pleasure, are, in those authors, generally mingled with such reflections upon life, as well deserve to be considered distinctly from the purposes for which they are produced, and to be treasured up as the settled conclusions of extensive observation, acute sagacity, and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on these occasions they often warn their readers against enquiries into futurity, and solicitude about events which lie hid in causes yet unactive, and which time has not brought forward into the view of reason. An idle and thoughtless resignation to chance,
without

without any struggle against calamity, or endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reasonable being, in whose power Providence has put a great part even of his present happiness; but it shews an equal ignorance of our proper sphere, to harraßs our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet in being. How can we regulate events, of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why should we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence?

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wise man is never surprized; and, perhaps, this exemption from astonishment may be imagined to proceed from such a prospect into futurity, as gave previous intimation of those evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have less foresight.— But the truth is, that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of understanding; and if a wise man is not amazed at sudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but less upon futurity. He never considered things not yet existing as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized non-entities to
his

his mind. He is not surprized, because he is not disappointed; and he escapes disappointment, because he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is so justly censured, is not the result of those general reflections on the variableness of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the universal insecurity of all human acquisitions, which must always be suggested by the view of the world; but such a desponding anticipation of misfortunes, as fixes the mind upon scenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominate in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the same nature with jealousy in love, and suspicion in the general commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, disposes him to judge of every thing in a manner that least favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual stratagems of counteraction, wears him out in schemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and at length, perhaps, contributes to the production of those mischiefs of which it had raised such dreadful apprehensions.

It has been usual, in all ages, for moralists to repress the swellings of vain hope, by representations of the innumerable casualties to which life is

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subject,

subject, and by instances of the unexpected defeat of the wisest schemes of policy, and sudden subversions of the highest eminences of greatness.— It has, perhaps, not been equally observed, that all these examples afford the proper antidote to fear as well as to hope, and may be applied with no less efficacy as consolations to the timorous, than as restraints to the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the same degree as good, and for the reason that we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed, may fall upon those whose malice we fear; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborne, may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before our encounter, or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended

apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror by considering that our persecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourselves.

The misfortunes which arise from the concurrence of unhappy incidents, should never be suffered to disturb us before they happen; because, if the breast be once laid open to the dread of mere possibilities of misery, life must be given a prey to dismal solicitude, and quiet must be lost for ever.

It is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is absurd to be afraid of the natural dissolution of the body, because it must certainly happen, and can, by no caution or artifice, be avoided. Whether this sentiment be entirely just, I shall not examine; but certainly if it be improper to fear events which must happen, it is yet more evidently contrary to right reason to fear those which may never happen, and which, if they should come upon us, we cannot resist.

As we ought not to give way to fear, any more than indulgence to hope, because the objects both of fear and hope are yet uncertain, so we ought not to trust the representation of one more than of the other, because they are both equally fallacious;

cious ; as hope enlarges happiness, fear aggravates calamity — It is generally allowed, that no man ever found the happiness of possession proportionate to that expectation which incited his desire, and invigorated his pursuit ; nor has any man found the evils of life so formidable in reality, as they were described to him by his own imagination ; every species of distress brings with it some peculiar supports, some unforeseen means of resisting, or power of enduring. Taylor justly blames some pious persons, who indulge their fancies too much, set themselves, by the force of imagination, in the place of the ancient martyrs and confessors, and question the validity of their own faith, because they shrink at the thoughts of flames and tortures. It is, says he, sufficient that you are able to encounter the temptations which now assault you ; when God sends trials, he may send strength.

All fear is in itself painful, and when it conduces not to safety is painful without use. Every consideration, therefore, by which groundless terrors may be removed, adds something to human happiness. It is likewise not unworthy of remark, that in proportion as our cares are employed upon the future, they are abstracted from the present, from the only time which we can call our own,
and

and of which, if we neglect the duties, to make provision against visionary attacks, we shall certainly counteract our own purpose; for he, doubtless, mistakes his true interest, who thinks that he can increase his safety when he impairs his virtue.

ANECDOTE
OF THE
GREAT FREDERICK.

DURING the life of the late King of Prussia, a wealthy Jew, who was tired of living at Berlin, and had made frequent applications for leave to quit that place, which he dared not otherwise to attempt, at last sent a letter to his Majesty, imploring permission to travel for the benefit of his health. The King sent the following answer immediately to the Israelite, in his own hand:

“ Dear Ephraim,

“ Nothing but Death shall part us.

“ FREDERICK.”



ON SCANDAL.

A GAINST slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend ; nor man deplore so fell a foe. It stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile.—It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most weary traveller cannot avoid ;—it is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin ;—it is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable ;—it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder. Murder is its employment—innocence its prey—and ruin its sport.—MARIA was a fatal instance. Her head was a little raised from the pillow, supported by her hand, and her countenance was exceedingly sorrowful—the glowing blush of eighteen vanished from her cheeks, and fever rioted in luxury upon her damask skin. It is even so ;—a bursting sigh laboured from her bosom ;—virtue is no protection while detraction breathes malignity—while envy searches for faults and tortures truth. I might have been happy !—but oh ! ye busy thoughts, recall not to my memory those joyful hours !—she struggled—but in vain. The invisible power of darkness closed her eyes, and her heaving breast panted with the last throbbings of a broken heart.—She is now no more. Scandal triumphed over the lovely maid.

Superior

Superior qualifications made her the dupe of envy, and a fever followed. She fell a sacrifice to exquisite feelings!

ODE to DEATH.

THOU, whose remorseless rage
 Nor vows nor tears assuage,
 TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raise
 The bursting notes of dauntless praise!
 Methinks on yonder murky cloud
 Thou sit'st, in majesty severe!
 Thy regal robe a ghastly shroud!
 Thy right arm lifts th' insatiate spear!
 Such was thy glance, when, erst as o'er the plain
 Where Indus rolls his burning sand,
 Young Ammon led the victor train,
 In glowing lust of fierce command:
 As, vain he cried with thundering voice,
 "The world is mine! Rejoice, rejoice!"
 "The world I've won!—Thou gav'st the withering
 nod,
 Thy *fiat* smote his heart,—he sunk,—a senseless
 clod!
 "And art thou great?" Mankind replies,
 With sad assent of mingling sighs!
 Sighs that swell the biting gales

Which

Which sweep o'er Lapland's frozen vales!
 And the red Tropics' whirlwind heat
 Is with the sad assent replete!
 How fierce yon tyrant's plummy crest!
 A blaze of gold illumines his breast;
 In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,
 He madly dares to spurn at fate!
 But—when Night with shadowy robe
 Hangs upon the darken'd globe,
 In his chamber,—sad,—alone,
 By starts, he pours the fearful groan!
 From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee
 And mutters forth a pray'r—because *he thinks of*
thee!

Gayly smiles the nuptial bow'r,
 Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r;
 While the spousal pair advance,
 Mixing oft the melting gaze,
 In fondest extacy of praise.
 Ah! short delusive trance!
 What tho' the festival be there;—
 The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;
 And joy and harmony combine!
 Touch but the talisman, and all is thine!
 Th' insensate lovers fix in icy fold,
 And on his throbbing lyre the Minstrel's hand is
 cold!

'Tis

'Tis Thou can'st quench the eagle's sight,
 That stems the cataract of light!
 Forbid the vernal buds to blow—
 Bend th' obedient forest low—
 And tame the monsters of the main,
 Such is thy potent reign!
 O'er earth, and air, and sea!
 Yet, art thou still *disdain'd by me*.
 And I have reason for my scorn;—
 Do I not hate the rising morn;
 The garish noon; the eve serene;
 The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive green;
 The painted pleasures throng'd resort;
 And all the splendors of the court?
 And has not *sorrow* chose to dwell
 Within my hot-heart's central cell?
 And are not hope's weak visions o'er,
 Can love or rapture reach me more?
 Then tho' I scorn thy stroke—I call *thee friend*,
 For in thy calm embrace my weary woes shall end.

ON THE COMFORTABLE
 DOCTRINE OF FUTURITY.

IT would be a very needless undertaking to
 prove, "That man is born to sorrow, as the
 sparks fly upward." Every day bears its testi-

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mony

mony to this melancholy truth; and sooner or later will make every man a convert to it. The nature of this world and all its occurrences, the constitution of the human mind, and the frame of our bodies, subject us to various and innumerable afflictions. Our hopes often terminate in disappointment; or, if they meet with gratification, the objects seldom answer our wishes, and hardly ever fail to lose their relish during a length of possession. Our fears are often vain, and always productive of bitter inquietude. They frequently import distant evils by anticipation—evils which never may arrive. They multiply, likewise, and enlarge future ills beyond their just number and real magnitude. And, indeed, with regard to what are usually styled pleasures, they are generally purchased with difficulty, or accompanied with some uneasiness, or end in remorse and vexation of spirit.

But let us attend the couches of the sick, and what mortifying lessons may we learn from those who, in the severity of their sufferings, appropriate to themselves the language of Job! “I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning
ing

ing of the day." These are very pitiable scenes of distress! which one day or other may become the portion of every one of us. Shall we take a view of the most piercing of all afflictions? then let us enter the houses of mourning, where death hath made irreparable breaches into family connections and comforts; where we shall hear the cries of parents bereaved of their children, or of children bewailing their departed parents. Now, is there any doctrine, or if there be, what is that doctrine, which can sustain the human mind amidst all the manifold difficulties, disappointments, and pressures of human life? What is that doctrine which can inspire fortitude, patience, and resignation, under sickness, pain, and dissolution? Whence are we to fetch those principles that can support us under the agonizing solemnity of parting with our expiring relatives and friends?—Yes; the glorious discovery of a resurrection to everlasting happiness. This blessed doctrine, duly believed, ever uppermost in our thoughts, and actuating all our behaviour, will lead us to regard the funeral removal of all that are near and dear to us, as only a temporary separation, which never, *never* shall prevail any more, because "Death shall then be swallowed up in victory."

But this exquisite happiness is reserved for those only who lead virtuous and holy lives: "for without holiness no man can see the Lord." It is therefore highly necessary that this consideration should sink deep into our breasts, and influence every part of our conduct. If this doctrine be conscientiously observed by us, we may reasonably hope to die comfortably, and after death to rise gloriously.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

TO be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for shew in painted honour, and fictitious benevolence.

VOLTAIRE.

M. TRONCHIN, Voltaire's physician, told some friends of his, that on his last attendance

ance upon this celebrated writer, a few hours before his death, he heard him cry out in great agitation, " I die abandoned by God and man." " I wished, from my heart," added M. Tronchin, " that all those persons who had been seduced by reading Voltaire's writings, had been witnesses of his death."

ANECDOTES

OF

BISHOP WARBURTON.

A FANTASTICAL Preacher, in one of our new built London chapels, who belonged to the Bishop's diocese, one day wrote to him for leave of non-residence upon his living. " You had better," replied the Bishop, " do your duty in your parish, than play your monkey tricks at the chapel in ——— street."

On the admission of a certain modest Divine to be the Bishop's chaplain, a lively inmate of the house observed, " what an excellent salad they should now have, the Chaplain's oil coalescing so well with the Bishop's vinegar."

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALEXANDER demanded of a pirate, whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas? "By the same right (replied he boldly) that you enslave the world. But I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; and you are stiled a conqueror, because you command great fleets and armies."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC set out in life as a clamorous infidel, but that on a nice examination of the evidences for Christianity, he had found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac said, "Man, you had better hold your tongue, you are talking about what you do not understand." So patient was this admirable man, not only of thinking but of pain, that when in his last illness,—that of the stone,—his agony was so great, that drops of sweat forced themselves through a double night cap, which he wore, he never complained, or cried out.

ANECDOTE OF HIS MAJESTY.

HIS MAJESTY, during the two nights of the riots, sat up with several general Officers in the Queen's Riding-House, from whence messengers were constantly dispatched to observe the motions of the mob.—Between three and four thousand troops were in the Queen's Gardens, and surrounded Buckingham-House. During the first night the alarm was so sudden, that no straw could be got for the troops to rest themselves on; which being told his Majesty, he, accompanied with one or two officers, went throughout the ranks, telling them, “ My lads, my crown cannot purchase you straw to night, but depend on it, I have given orders that a sufficiency shall be here to-morrow forenoon; as a substitute for the straw, my servants will instantly serve you with a good allowance of wine and spirits, to make your situation as comfortable as possible; and I shall keep you company myself till morning.” The King did so, walking mostly in the garden, sometimes visiting the Queen and the Children in the palace, and receiving all messages in the Riding-House, it being in a manner head quarters. When he was told that part of the mob was attempting to get into St. James's, and to the Park, he forbade the soldiers

diers to fire, but ordered them to keep off the rioters with their bayonets; the mob, in consequence of that, were so daring as to take hold of the bayonets and shake them, defying the soldiers to fire or hurt them; however, nothing further was attempted on the part of the rioters in that quarter.

ON THE CHARACTER OF A SLANDERER.

OF all the characters in life, none can be more despicable, none more pernicious to society, than that of a Slanderer. He seems to possess a genius only, fit for mischief and dark designs. He seizes every opportunity to heighten his own importance, whilst he takes every advantage of weakness or misfortune to depress that of others. He envies those whom he sees united, and waits for a convenient opportunity to dissolve the union. If adversity is our lot, how alleviating is the solace of a friend; should success smile on our endeavours, still his conversation is one of the most satisfactory pleasures we can enjoy. What ideas, then, can be sufficient, or expressions severe enough, to characterise a being who would destroy
that

that comfort which a friend can afford us in distress! or, when we are prosperous, that delight which arises from his participation! But, how much worse, and more unpardonably cruel, is it, if he slanders us to those who have it in their power to resent, nay, perhaps, to ruin us, by withdrawing their favours, to our disadvantage. It is not in the power of imagination to paint, in its true colours, villainy like this. Mr. Addison asserts, and on his authority I presume, “that every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name as upon life itself; and I cannot,” says he, “but think that those who privately assault the one, would destroy the other, might they do it with secrecy and impunity.” If this, then, be so, those who are detected in slander ought to be looked upon as assassins in their hearts, and meet with that contempt and abhorrence which so base a crime excites and deserves.



An O D E

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

WHAT native Genius taught the Britons bold
 To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
 'Twas Liberty: she taught disdain
 Of Death, of Rome's Imperial chain:
 She bade the Druid harp to battle sound,
 In tones prophetic, through the gloom profound
 Of forests hoar, with holy foliage hung;
 From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
 Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
 And, rough with many a veteran scar,
 Swept the pale legions with scythed car:
 While baffled Cæsars fled, to gain
 An easier triumph on Pharfalia's plain;
 And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
 Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state.

II.

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
 The sons of Saxon Elva bore;
 Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
 Who died, to drain the warrior-bowl,
 In that bright Hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
 With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchion shone;
 Where

Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of spectre chiefs, who feasted far within :

Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal ;
Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life ;
The King's the people's balanc'd claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

III.

Sudden, to shake the Saxon's mild domain,
Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
From frozen wastes, and caverns wild,
To genial England's scenes beguil'd ;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The Dæmons foul of famine and of flame :
Witness the sheep-clod summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning foss, and airy mound,

Which yet his desultory march proclaim !
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
'Till Alfred's laws allur'd th' intestine foe ;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave atchievement, and to counsel sage ;
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding Virtue live, and Freedom's fairest
deeds !

IV.

IV.

But see, triumphant o'er the Southern wave
 The Norman sweeps!—Though first he gave
 New grace to Britain's naked plain,
 With arts and manners in his train;
 And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
 In massy pomp, has mock'd the stealth of time;
 And castle fair, that stript of half its towers,
 From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lows;
 Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime:
 Each eve, the curfew's note severe,
 (That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)
 At the new tyrant's stern command,
 Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
 While proud oppression o'er the ravish'd field
 High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal
 shield.

V.

Stoop'd then that freedom to despotic sway,
 For which, in many a fierce affray,
 The Briton's bold, the Saxon's bled,
 His Danish javelins Lefwin led,
 O'er Hastings's plain, to stay the Norman yoke?
 She felt, but to resist, the sudden stroke:
 The Tyrant-Baron grasp'd the Patriot's steel,
 And taught the Tyrant-King its force to feel;
 And quick revenge the regal bondage broke,
 And

And still, unchang'd and uncontroul'd,
 Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold;
 For lo, revering Britain's cause,
 A King new lustre lends to native laws!
 The sacred Sovereign of this festal day
 On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

A DARING ROBBERY.

THREE men, appearing as graziers, called at a respectable farmer's, and enquired if he was at home. The girl told them her master was only in the field, and that she would call him.—When the farmer came, he enquired their business. One of them immediately answered, he was the person that wanted him, and that he would wish to ask him a question in private. The farmer desired him to walk into the parlour; and the other two seated themselves in the kitchen. As soon as the door was shut, the sharper told him, his question was a very simple one, and he hoped he would not take a long time to answer it; it was either to choose to give him fifty pounds, or to have a brace of bullets in his body, he was determined to be satisfied, and if he did not comply, he should first have the bullets, and his men were ready to plunder the house. The farmer told him
 he

he had no such money in the house, but would give him all he had, which was twenty pounds; but this would not satisfy the villain, who told him he saw him receive 110*l.* at Cliffe fair, on Saturday, and intended to have paid him a visit that night, but was prevented. The farmer was at length obliged to comply; and though the villain saw more than what he demanded in the desk, when the farmer was giving him the money, he did not require it; but, when he received his booty, he said, I am much obliged to you.—I shall not trouble you again these three years; but if fortunate till that time, may again pay you a visit.—He opened the door, and told one of the men to fetch their horses; and when mounted, rode off full speed.

THE HISTORY
OF A
YOUNG WOMAN

That came to LONDON for a SERVICE.

IAM the daughter of a country gentleman, whose family is numerous, and whose estate, not at first sufficient to supply us with affluence, has been lately so much impaired by an unsuccessful
law.

law-suit; that all the younger children are obliged to try such means as their education affords them, for procuring the necessaries of life. Distress and curiosity concurred to bring me to London, where I was received by a relation with the coldness which misfortune generally finds. A week, a long week, I lived with my cousin, before the most vigilant enquiry could procure us the least hopes of a place, in which time I was much better qualified to bear all the vexations of servitude. The first two days she was content to pity me; and only wished I had not been quite so well bred; but people must comply with their circumstances.— This lenity, however, was soon at an end; and, for the remaining part of the week, I heard every hour of the pride of my family, the obstinacy of my father, and of people better born than myself that were common servants.

At last, on Saturday noon, she told me, with very visible satisfaction, that Mrs. Bombazine, the great silk mercer's lady, wanted a maid, and a fine place it would be; for there would be nothing to do but to clean my mistress's room, get up her linen, dress the young ladies, wait at tea in the morning, take care of a little Miss just come from nurse, and then sit down to my needle. But Madam was a woman of great spirit, and would not
be

be contradicted, and therefore I should take care, for good places were not easily to be got.

With these cautions I waited on Madame Bombazine, of whom the first sight gave me no ravishing ideas. She was two yards round the waist, her voice was at once loud and squeaking, and her face brought to my mind the picture of the full moon. Are you the young woman, says she, that are come to offer yourself? It is strange when people of substance want a servant, how soon it is the town-talk. But they know they shall have a belly-full that live with me. Not like people at the other end of the town, we dine at one o'clock. But I never take any body without a character; what friends do you come of? I then told her my father was a gentleman, and that we had been unfortunate.—A great misfortune, indeed, to come to me, and have three meals a day!—So your father was a gentleman, and you are a gentlewoman I suppose—such gentlewomen! Madam, I did not mean to claim any exemptions, I only answered your enquiry.—Such gentlewomen! people should set their children to good trades, and keep them off the parish. Pray go to the other end of the town, there are gentlewomen, if they would pay their debts: I am sure we have lost enough by gentlewomen. Upon this, her broad
face

face grew broader with triumph, and I was afraid she would have taken me for the pleasure of continuing her insult; but, happily the next word was, pray, Mrs. Gentlewoman, troop down stairs. You may believe I obeyed her.

I returned, and met with a better reception from my cousin than I expected; for while I was out, she had heard that Mrs. Standish, whose husband had lately been raised from a clerk in an office, to be Commissioner of the Excise, had taken a fine house, and wanted a maid.

To Mrs. Standish I went, and, after having waited six hours, was at last admitted to the top of the stairs, when she came out of her room, with two of her company. There was a smell of punch. So, young woman, you want a place, whence do you come? From the country, Madam.—Yes, they are all come out of the country. And what brought you to town, a bastard? Where do you lodge? At the Seven Dials. What, you never heard of the Foundling-House! Upon this they all laughed so obstreperously, that I took the opportunity of sneaking off in the tumult.

I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's.—She was at cards; but, in two hours, I was told, she would speak to me. She asked me if I could

I

keep

keep an account, and ordered me to write. I wrote two lines out of some book that lay by her. She wondered what poor people meant, to breed up poor girls to write at that rate. I suppose, Mrs. Flirt, if I was to see your work, it would be fine stuff!—You may walk. I will not have love-letters written from my house to every young fellow in the street.

Two days after, I went on the same pursuit to Lady Lofty, dressed, as I was directed, in what little ornaments I had, because she had lately got a place at Court. Upon the first sight of me, she turns to the woman that showed me in—Is this the lady that wants a place? Pray what place would you have, Miss? a maid of honour's place? Servants now-a-days!--Madam, I heard you wanted—Wanted what? Somebody finer than myself! A pretty servant indeed—I should be afraid to speak to her.—I suppose, Mrs. Minx, these fine hands cannot bear wetting.—A servant indeed! Pray move off—I am resolved to be the head person in this house—You are ready dress'd, the taverns will be open.

I went to enquire for the next place in a clean linen gown, and heard the servant tell his lady, there was a young woman, but he saw she would not do. I was brought up, however. Are you the trollop

trollop that has the impudence to come for my place? What, you have hired that nasty gown and are come to steal a better.—Madam, I have another, but being obliged to walk—Then these are your manners, with your blushes, and your courtesies, to come to me in your worst gown, Madam, give me leave to wait upon you in my other. Wait on me, you saucy flut! Then you are sure of coming—I could not let such a drab come near me. Here you girl, that came up with her, have you touched her? If you have, wash your hands before you dress me—Such trollops! Get you down—What, whimpering? pray walk.

I went away with tears; for my cousin had lost all patience. However, she told me, that having a respect for my relations, she was willing to keep me out of the street, and would let me have another week.

The first day of this week I saw two places. At one I was asked where I had lived? And upon my answer, was told by the lady, that people should qualify themselves in ordinary places, for she should never have done if she was to follow girls about. At the other house I was a smirking hussy, and that sweet face I might make money of.—For her part, it was a rule with her never to take any creature that thought herself handsome.

The three next days were spent in Lady Bluff's entry, where I waited six hours every day for the pleasure of seeing the servants peep at me, and go away laughing—Madam will stretch her small thanks in the entry; she will know the house again.—At sun-set, the two first days, I was told, that my lady would see me to-morrow, and on the third, that her woman staid.

My week was now near its end, and I had no hopes of a place. My relation, who always laid upon me the blame of every miscarriage, told me that I must learn to humble myself, and that all great ladies had particular ways; that if I went on in that manner, she could not tell who would keep me; she had known many that had refused places, sell their clothes, and beg in the streets.

It was to no purpose that the refusal was declared by me to be never on my side; I was reasoning against interest, and against stupidity; and therefore I comforted myself with the hope of succeeding better in my next attempt, and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, who had routes at her house, and saw the best of company in town.

I had not waited two hours before I was called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his lady at piquet,

quiet, in the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable sign, and stood at the lower end of the room in expectation of the common questions. At last Mr. Courtly called out, after a whisper, stand facing the light, that one may see you. I changed my place, and blushed. They frequently turned their eyes upon me, and seemed to discover many subjects of merriment; for at every look they whispered, and laughed with the most violent agitations of delight. At last Mr. Courtly cried out, is this colour your own, child? Yes, says the lady, if she has not robbed the kitchen hearth. This was so happy a conceit, that it renewed the storm of laughter, and they threw down their cards in hopes of better sport. The lady then called me to her, and began with an affected gravity to enquire what I could do? But first turn about, and let us see your fine shape. Well, what are you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find your tongue, I suppose in the kitchen. No, no, says Mr. Courtly, the girl's a good girl yet, but I am afraid a brisk young fellow, with fine tags on his shoulders—Come, child, hold up your head; what! have you stole nothing?—Not yet, says the lady, but she hopes to steal your heart quickly. Here was a laugh of happiness and triumph, prolonged by the confusion which I could no longer repress. At last the lady recollected herself: Stole!

no—

no—but if I had her, I should watch her; for that downcast eye.—Why cannot you look people in the face? Steal! says her husband, she would steal nothing but perhaps a few ribbands before they were left off by her lady. Sir, answered I, why should you, by supposing me a thief, insult one from whom you have received no injury? Insult, says the lady; are you come here to be a servant, you saucy baggage, and talk of insulting? What will this world come to, if a gentleman may not jest with a servant? Well, such servants! pray be gone, and see when you will have the honour to be so insulted again. Servants insulted!—a fine time—Insulted! Get down stairs, you slut, or the footman shall insult you.

The last day of the last week was now coming; and my kind cousin talked of sending me down in the waggon to preserve me from bad courses.—But in the morning she came and told me that she had one more trial for me; Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I might do for her; for, like me, she must fall her crest, being forced to lay down her chariot upon the loss of half her fortune by bad securities, and with her way of giving her money to every body that pretended to want it, she could have little before hand; therefore I might serve her; for, with all her fine sense, she must not pretend to be nice,

I went

I went immediately, and met at the door a young gentlewoman, who told me she had herself been hired that morning, but that she was ordered to bring any that offered up stairs. I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia, who, when I came in, laid down her book, and told me, that she sent for me, not to gratify an idle curiosity, but lest my disappointment might be made still more grating by incivility; that she was in pain to deny any thing, much more what was no favour; that she saw nothing in my appearance which did not make her wish for my company; but that another, whose claims might perhaps be equal, had come before me.—The thought of being so near to such a place, and missing it, brought tears into my eyes, and my sobs hindered me from returning my acknowledgments. She rose up confused, and supposing, by my concern, that I was distressed, placed me by her, and made me tell her my story; which when she heard, she put two guineas in my hand, ordering me to lodge near her, and make use of her table till she could provide for me.



A CURIOUS

METHOD *of obtaining* **JUSTICE**

FROM ONE OF THE

EASTERN CALIPHS.

IT is recorded of Hakham, the son and successor of Abdoulrahman III. who, wanting to enlarge his palace, proposed to purchase of a poor woman a piece of ground that lay contiguous to it. However, she could not be prevailed upon to part with the inheritance of her ancestors, and Hakham's officers took by force what they could not otherwise obtain. The poor woman applied to Ibn-bechir, the chief magistrate of Corduba, for justice. The case was delicate and dangerous. Bechir concluded that the ordinary methods of proceeding would be ineffectual, if not fatal. He mounted his ass, and taking a large sack with him, rode to the palace of the Caliph. The Prince happened to be sitting in a pavilion that had been erected in the poor woman's garden. Hakham shewed some surprize at his appearance and request, but allowed him to fill his sack. When this was done, the magistrate intreated the Prince to assist him in laying the burden on the ass. This extraordinary request surprized Hakham still more ; but he only told the Judge that it was too heavy ; he could not bear it. Yet this sack, replied Bechir, with a noble

noble assurance, this sack which you think too heavy to bear, contains but a small portion of that ground which you took by violence from the right owner. How then will you be able, at the day of judgment, to support the weight of the whole? The remonstrance was effectual, and Hakham, without delay, restored the ground, with the buildings upon it, to the former proprietor.

B A N I S H M E N T:

CONSOLATION UNDER IT.

ALL places that the eye of Heaven visits,
 Are, to a wise man, ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
 There is no virtue like necessity,
 And think not, that the King did banish thee;
 But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier sit
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
 Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not the King exil'd thee. Or suppose,
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians;

K

The

The grafs whereon thou tread'st, the prefence
floor;

The flowr's, fair ladies; and thy fteps, no more
Than a delightful meafure, or a dance.

For gnarling sorrow hath lefs power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and fets it light.

ENGLAND.

THIS royal throne of Kings, this fcepter'd ifle,
This earth of Majefty, this feat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradife,
This fortrefs built by Nature for herfelf,
Againft infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ftone fet in the filver fea,
Which ferves it in the office of a wall,
Or of a moat defensive to a houfe,
Againft the envy of lefs happier lands.

H I N T S

FOR A

YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.

IT has often been thought, that the firft year af-
ter marriage is the happieft of a woman's life.
We

We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection, or what the world calls love; and even in this case the rule admits of many exceptions, and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, household cares to attend, and, what is worse than all, she must cease to command, and learn to obey. She must learn to submit, without repining, where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his adored mistress like a rational being, rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be rendered much easier, and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than her person, he would soon find his account in it. —Would he consult her on his affairs, converse with her freely on all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty, admiring her dress, and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed, and she would rattle the marriage chains with less impatience and difficulty. Now, can a sensible man expect, that the poor vain trifler, to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent, agreeable

ble companion, an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother? When a man pays court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the softer intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it owing to these lords of the creation, that the poor women become in reality, what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves? A pretty method truly is this of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections, and exciting our esteem for those objects that we entrust with our future happiness.

I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the most respectable of all characters, a wife, a mother, and a friend.— But first let me assert, that I do it with confidence, that nothing can be more false than the idea, that *a reformed Rake makes the BEST husband!* This is a common opinion, but, it is not mine, at least. There are too many chances against it.

A libertine, by the time he can bear to think of matrimony, has little left to boast, but a shattered constitution, empty pockets, tradesmens' bills, bad habits, and a taste for dress, public places, and vices of every description. The poor
wife's

wife's fortune will supply the rake with these fashionable follies a little longer. When money, the last resource, fails, he becomes peevish, sour, and discontented. Angry she can indulge him no longer, and ungrateful and regardless of her past favours. Disease, with all her miserable attendants, next steps in! Ill is he prepared, either in mind or body, to cope with pain, sickness, poverty, and wretchedness. The poor wife has spent all in supporting his extravagancies. She may now pine for want, with a helpless infant crying for bread. Shunned and despised by her friends, and neglected by all her acquaintance.

This, my beloved fair, is too often the case with many of our sex.—The task of reforming a rake is much above a woman's capacity. If a young woman marries an amiable and virtuous young man, she has nothing to fear, she may even glory in giving up her own wishes to his! Never marry a man whose understanding will not excite your esteem, and whose virtues will not engage your affections. If a woman once thinks herself superior to her husband, all authority ceases, and she cannot be brought to *obey*, where she thinks she is so well enabled to *command*.

Sweetness

Sweetness and gentleness are all a woman's eloquence; and sometimes they are too powerful to be resisted, especially when accompanied with youth and beauty. They are then incitements to virtue, preventatives from vice, and affection's security.

Never let your brow be clouded with resentment! Never triumph in revenge! Who is it that you afflict? the man upon earth that should be dearest to you! upon whom all your future hopes of happiness must depend.—Poor the conquest, when our dearest friend must suffer,—and ungenerous must be the heart that can rejoice in such a victory.

Let your tears persuade: these speak the most irresistible language with which you can assail the heart of man. But even these sweet fountains of sensibility must not flow too often, lest they degenerate into weakness, and we lose our husband's esteem and affection by the very methods which were given us to insure them.

Study every little attention in your person, manner, and dress, that you find to please. Never be negligent in your appearance, because you expect nobody but your husband.—He is the first person to oblige. Always make your home agreeable to
him:

him: receive him with ease, good humour, and cheerfulness. Betray neither suspicion nor jealousy.—Appear always gay and happy in his presence. Be particularly attentive to his favourite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will, at all times, counterbalance indifferent fare. Treat his relations with respect and affection, which will be the most powerful means of securing you a general good name.

Treat your husband with the most unreserved confidence in every thing that regards yourself, but never betray your friends letters or secrets to him. This he cannot, and, indeed, ought not to expect.—If you do not use him to it, he will never desire it. Be careful never to intrude upon his studies or his pleasures: be always glad to see him. Confine your endearments to your own fire side. Do not let the young envy you, nor the old abuse you for a weakness, which, upon reflection, you must yourselves condemn.

These hints will, I hope, be of some service to my fair countrywomen. They will perhaps, have more weight, when they know that the author of them has been married about a year, and has often, with success, practised those rules herself, which she now recommends to others.

OBSERVATION.

OBSERVATION.

IT is owing to Observation that our mind is furnished with the first, simple, and complex ideas. This lays the ground-work and foundation of all knowledge, and makes us capable of using any of the other methods for improving the mind: for if we did not attain a variety of sensible and intellectual ideas, by the sensation of outward objects, by the consciousness of our own appetites and passions, pleasures and pains, and by inward experience of the actions of our own spirits, it would be impossible either for men or books to teach us any thing. It is observation that must give us our first ideas of things, as it includes in it sense and consciousness.

All our knowledge derived from observation, whether it be of single ideas or of propositions, is knowledge gotten at first hand. Hereby we see and know things as they are, or as they appear to us; we take the impressions of them on our minds from the original objects themselves, which give a clearer and stronger conception of things.—These ideas are more lively, and the propositions (at least in many cases) are much more evident. Whereas what knowledge we derive from lectures, reading and conversation, is but the copy of other
men's

men's ideas; that is, the picture of a picture; and 'tis one remove farther from the original.

Another advantage of observation is, that we may gain knowledge all the day long, and every moment of our lives, and every moment of our existence, we may be adding to our intellectual treasures thereby, except only while we are asleep; and even then the remembrance of our dreamings will teach us some truths, and lay a foundation for a better acquaintance with human nature, both in the powers and frailties of it.

The FALL of the LEAF.

SEE the leaves around ye falling,
 Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound:

" Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 " When like us, he blighted fell,
 " Hear the lecture we are reading,
 " 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

" Virgins, much, too much presuming,
 " On your boasted white and red,

L

" View

" View us, late in beauty blooming,
" Number'd now among the dead.

" Griping misers, nightly waking,
" See the end of all your care;
" Fled on wings of our own making,
" We have left our owners bare.

" Sons of honour, fed on praises,
" Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
" Lo! the fickle air that raises,
" Brings us down to parent earth.

" Learned fires, in system jaded,
" Who for new ones daily call,
" Cease at length, by us persuaded;
" Every leaf must have a fall.

" Youth, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
" Gay in health and many a grace,
" Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
" Summer gives to Autumn place."

On the tree of life eternal,
Man let all thy hopes be stay'd;
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears the leaves that never fade.

DEGENERACY

DEGENERACY O F HUMAN NATURE.

LET us farther suppose, what is sufficiently evident to our daily observation and experience, that all mankind are now a degenerate, feeble, and unhappy race of beings; that we are become sinners in the sight of God, and exposed to his anger: it is manifest enough, this whole world is a fallen, sinful, and rebellious province of God's dominion, and under the actual displeasure of its righteous Creator and Governor. The overspreading deluge of folly and error, iniquity and misery, that covers the face of the earth, gives abundant ground for such a supposition. The experience of every man on earth affords a strong and melancholy proof, that our reasoning powers are easily led away into mistake and falsehood, wretchedly bribed and biased by prejudices, and daily overpowered by some corrupt appetites or passions, and our wills led astray to choose the evil instead of good. The best of us sometimes break the laws of our Maker, by contradicting the rules of piety and virtue which our own reason and consciences suggest to us. "There is none righteous" perfectly; "no not one." Nor is there one person upon earth free from troubles and difficulties,

ficulties, and pains and sorrows, such as testify some resentments of our Maker.

Even from our infancy, our diseases, pains, and sorrows begin, and it is very remarkably evident in some families, that these pains and diseases are propagated to the offspring, as they were contracted by the vices of the parents; and particular vicious inclinations, as well as particular distempers, are conveyed from parents to children sometimes through several generations. The best of us are not free from irregular propensities and passions, even in the younger parts of life, and as our years advance, our sins break out, and continue more or less through all our lives. Our whole race then is plainly degenerate, sinful and guilty before God, and are under some tokens of his anger.

ALLEGORY
ON THE
ABUSE OF RICHES.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids

bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old, sordid, blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was Plutus, the God of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequence of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of the kingdom, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty, on this occasion, pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those
pomp,

• pomps, ornaments, and conveniencies of life, which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropfies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Æsculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the Deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the Gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produced several merry incidents, till at last Mercury descended with great complaints from the Gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by the priest of Jupiter, who remonstrates that since the late innovation, he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning was religious in his poverty, at last makes a proposal, which was relished by all the good men, who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn

solemn procession to the temple, and instal him in the place of Jupiter.

This allegory may instruct mankind in two points, first, as it vindicates the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distribution of wealth; and in the next place, as it shews the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possess them.

RELAXATION
 AFTER THE
FATIGUES OF WAR;
 OR, THE
Philosophy of an HERO.

WRITTEN BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

BY cherub Hope the bosom fir'd,
 Supports a lover's ardent pains;
 Zeal is by recompence inspir'd,
 And pow'r authority maintains.
 The weak by prudence strength o'erthrows,
 Credit by probity is gain'd,
 While Heav'n-born health from temp'rance
 flows,
 And wit is by content sustain'd;

By

By ease the blessings of content we gain,
 And ease by fair œconomy obtain.
 An even soul, and gentle mind,
 A soft, bewitching, nameless grace,
 I value more in woman-kind,
 Than all the beauties of the face.
 I love the author who declares
 The honest truth, in humble style,
 Before the man who artful dares,
 With specious words our ears beguile.
 Wouldst thou be happy, then this truth believe,
 Virtue will joys impart when science will deceive.
 Health before riches I admire,
 And friendship more than weak-eyed pity;
 Repose than profit more desire,
 And prudence more than to be witty.
 A snug estate, from mortgage free,
 A little garden to improve,
 A table small but neat to see,
 A little lass who well can love:
 These are the things can real joy impart,
 And fill with soft content the human heart.
 Give me, when winter snows descend,
 And storms confine me to my home,
 From colds and illness to defend,
 A blazing fire in little room;
 In little glasses good old wine,
 Wherewith my chosen friends to treat;

And

And epicures love well to dine
 Off little plates of richest meat :
 And thus, with all my reason am I taught,
Too much of any thing is good for nought.
 Too much rest our genius dulls,
 Too much love disturbs the brain,
 Too much learning makes us fools,
 Too much bus'ness gives us pain.
 Too much phyfic makes us worse,
 From too much cunning cheating grows,
 Too much vigour is a curse,
 From too much saving av'rice flows.
 Too much courage makes us rash,
 From too much riches trouble springs,
 Too great honours are but trash,
 Too much pleasure sickness brings.
 By too much confidence we lose ;
 From too much wit what mischiefs rise ;
 Too much freedom's an abuse,
 Too much good-nature is not wise.
 Too much politeness is a thrall ;
 Yet all these things we blessings call.
 But if we rightly will attend,
 On *Nothing* all our acts depend.
 Nothing holds aloft the scales,
 And o'er ev'ry thing prevails ;
 Nothing makes us dangers dare,
 Nothing makes us oft despair ;

On nothing all our efforts turn,
 For nothing oft our bosoms burn;
 War from nothing springs; and love,
 All thy joys a nothing prove.

O N

SYMPATHY AND TENDERNESS.

OBJECTS of distress, and sights of misery, for the most part, affect and melt the mind: there is a natural compassion in almost every heart; and I think, upon a fair survey, we may pronounce our country, in general, not deficient in this amiable virtue. Indeed our many public and private charities are striking proofs of its prevalence. Humanity certainly ought to be much cultivated, as it is the seed of almost every thing excellent and praise-worthy: from humanity springs every prospect of real happiness; in proportion to the esteem which arises from the exertion of it, are our aversion and dislike of those who seem deficient in it. I am a little peculiar, you must know, in my judgment of men and things; and it will, perhaps, be thought a proof of it, that I generally put the compassion of my acquaintance to the test, before I admit them to any degree of confidence and esteem; to which I will never admit any man, whom
 I find

I find deficient in this distinguishing virtue of the human species. I am drawn into these reflections, by an accidental conversation last night with a lady, whose person and manners, at first attracted no unfavourable notice; but the chit-chat had not long gone round, before she began to tell us, that she had that day been at Bedlam, to see the mad people there. As I did not perceive any tender emotions upon this declaration, I could not help saying with some surprize, "And is it possible, Madam, that a lady like you, could visit, with any degree of pleasure, so melancholy and horrid an abode."—"O yes! (replied she with a smile) I assure you I was highly entertained: I met with some very amusing objects, and I heard a great many excellent stories; and was vastly delighted with the humour of the mad folks."—"Impossible, surely, (replied I) can it give delight to a tender female mind, whose first recommendation is winning softness, compassion, and mildness, to see human nature so debased! to see the noble and godlike soul so overthrown! to see fellow-creatures distressed beneath the most grievous of all afflictions! can this give pleasure to a female mind! nay, to any mind! Permit me to repeat, surely this is impossible!"

The

The lady of the house perceiving that I delivered myself with some earnestness and gravity, and fearing, I suppose, lest the dispute might interfere with the gaiety and good-humour of the company, turned the conversation with a smile, and ordered the card tables. I play'd my rubber, and retired, chagrined, I freely confess, to see so fair a form (for the young lady was strikingly beautiful) so utterly devoid of that best and most lasting beauty, a sympathetic mind. "What hope (said I to myself) is there, that any man should find in such a woman, the tender and affectionate wife,

"The life's *companion*, and the softer *friend*:" What hope, that the amiable and endearing mother should speak from those eyes with inexpressible sweetness, when hanging over the little darling of her soul, and presenting the snowy bosom for the loved infant's nourishment: surely if the ladies desire to engage hearts, they should be careful to shew that they have hearts themselves: a heartless sacrifice was a prodigy among the ancients: a heartless woman is fit only to fill the arms of a Cossack."

It should certainly be a prime care in parents, to cultivate this generous virtue of compassion in their children. A cruel and unfeeling temper is much more early and easily fixed than we are aware of.

of. I am often shocked to see children persecuting and wantonly destroying flies and insects, while parents will even stand by and approve with a smile. The Lacedemonians (if I remember right) ordered a boy to be executed, who had cruelly put out the eyes of a quail, which had fallen into his hands. They thought, that so savage a disposition in a child, discovered so early, would make large steps towards the worst ferocity in the man; and therefore wisely determined to free their state from so dangerous an object. A parent ought to take care to imprint every pleasing notion of compassion and tenderness on the minds of their children.

I have only to observe farther, that it surprises me to think, that a permission should so generally be given to see the miserable objects in Bedlam: I know the gentlemen of the faculty assert, that is no difference to the objects themselves: I presume not to oppose the sentiments of such respectable persons. But I am more surprised, that such numbers in their right senses are found, who take a pleasure in visiting these sorrowful abodes! nay, who seemingly take a pleasure in tormenting and insulting those fallen objects. Does it never occur to themselves, "Ah! thou too art a man, and in a moment, perhaps, mayest be deprived of understanding,

derstanding, and shut up in a dark and dismal cell, like these, thy hapless fellow-creatures!" The reply of one of the madmen to a person, in Bedlam, shews, I think, that they are not utterly unaffected, and will remain, I hope, as a memento with some, not to treat them with impropriety and inhumanity: A young man came to the cell, and putting his face to the bars, interrogated the madman, why he was put in there? the madman fixed his eyes upon him, and looking with ineffable contempt, turned away: the young man repeated his question, with some clamorous insult: the madman rose and advanced towards him, upon which the person spit in his face, and laughing, again renewed his interrogatory, "For what was you put into this cell?" The madman, with calm disdain, stooped down, took up some of the straw whereon he lay, wiped the spittle with it from off his face, and smiling said, "You ask, why I was put into this dismal cell; I'll tell you, Sir:—It was for the loss of that, which God Almighty never gave you, or you wou'd not have treated me with such indignity."—To the honour of the Governors of Bedlam, it may be observed, the above custom has been lately discontinued.



ODE to DESPAIR.

THOU spectre of terrific mien,
 Lord of the hopeless heart and hollow eye,
 In whose fierce train each form is seen
 That drives sick reason to insanity!
 I woo thee with unusual prayer,
 "Grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair:"
 Approach; in me a willing victim find,
 Who seeks thine iron sway—and calls thee kind!

Ah! hide for ever from my sight
 The faithless flatterer Hope—whose pencil, gay,
 Portrays some vision of delight,
 Then bids the fairy tablet fade away;
 While in dire contrast, to mine eyes
 Thy phantoms, yet more hideous rise,
 And memory draws, from pleasure's wither'd
 flower,
 Corrosive for the heart—of fatal power!

I bid the traitor Love adieu!
 Who to this fond, believing bosom came,
 A guest insidious, and untrue,
 With pity's soothing voice—in friendship's name.
 The wounds *he* gave, nor time shall cure,
 Nor reason teach me to endure,
 And to that breast mild patience pleads in vain,
 Which feels the curse—of meriting its pain.

Yet

Yet not to me, tremendous power!
 Thy worst of spirit-wounding pangs impart,
 With which, in dark conviction's hour,
 Thou strik'st the guilty unrepentant heart!
 But, of illusion long the sport,
 That dreary, tranquil gloom I court,
 Where my past errors I may still deplore,
 And dream of long-lost happiness no more!

To thee I give this tortur'd breast,
 Where hope arises but to foster pain;
 Ah! lull its agonies to rest!
 Ah! let me never be deceiv'd again!
 But callous, in thy deep repose
 Behold, in long array, the woes
 Of the dread future, calm and undismay'd,
 'Till I may claim the hope—that shall not fade!

ESSAY

On Delicacy of Sentiment.

THE character of delicacy of sentiment, so esteemed at present, seems to have been unknown to the ancients. It is certainly a great refinement on humanity. Refinements were never attended to in the earlier ages, when the occupations

tions of war, and the wants of unimproved life, left little opportunity, and less inclination, for fanciful enjoyments. Dangers and distresses require strength of mind, and necessarily exclude an attention to those delicacies, which, while they please, infallibly enervate.

That tenderness which is amiable in a state of perfect civilization, is despised as a weakness among unpolished nations. Shocked at the smallest circumstances which are disagreeable, it cannot support the idea of danger and alarm. Likewise, from exercising the cruelties which are sometimes politically necessary in a rude state, it starts with horror from the sight, and at the description of them. It delights in the calm occupations of rural life, and would gladly resign the spear and the shield for the shepherd's crook, and the lover's garland. But in an uninformed community, where constant dangers require constant defence, those dispositions which delight in retirement and ease will be treated with general contempt; and no temper of mind which is despised will be long epidemic.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were the most civilized people on the earth. They, however, were unacquainted with that extreme delicacy of sentiment which is become so universally prevalent

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in modern times.—Perhaps some reasonable causes may be assigned. The Stoic philosophy endeavoured to introduce a total apathy, and though it was not embraced in all its rigidity by the vulgar, yet it had a sufficient number of votaries to diffuse a general taste for an insensibility. It perhaps originally meant no more than to teach men to govern their affections by the dictates of reason; but as a natural want of feeling produced the same effects as a rational regulation of the passions, it soon passed among the vulgar for what it could lay no claim to,—a philosophical indifference.

That respectful attention to women, which in modern times is called gallantry, was not to be found amongst the ancients. Women were looked upon as inferior beings, whose only duty was to contribute to pleasure, and superintend domestic œconomy. It was not till the days of chivalry that men shewed the desire of pleasing the softer sex, which seems to allow them a superiority. This deference to women refines the manners, and softens the temper; and it is no wonder that the ancients, who admitted no women to their social conversations, should acquire a roughness of manners incompatible with delicacy of sentiment.

Men who acted, thought, and spoke, like the ancients, were unquestionably furnished by nature
with

with every feeling in great perfection. But their mode of education contributed rather to harden than mollify their hearts. Politics and war were the sole general objects. Ambition, it is well known, renders all other passions subservient to itself: and the youth who had been accustomed to military discipline, and had endured the hardships of a campaign, though he might yield to the allurements of pleasure, would not have time to attend to the refinements of delicacy. But the modern soldier, in the present mode of conducting war, is not compelled to undergo many personal hardships, either in the preparation for his profession, or in the exercise of it. Commerce, but little known to many ancient nations, gives the moderns an opportunity of acquiring opulence without much difficulty or danger; and the infinite numbers who inherit this opulence, in order to pass away life with ease, have recourse to the various arts of exciting pleasure. The professions of divinity and law leave sufficient time, opportunity, and inclination to most of their professors, to pursue every amusement and gratification. The general plan of modern education, which, among the liberal, consists of the study of the poets and sentimental writers, contributes, perhaps more than all other causes, to humanize the heart, and refine the sentiments: for at the period when edu-

cation is commenced, the heart is most susceptible of impression.

Whatever disposition tends to soften, without weakening the mind, must be cherished; and it must be allowed, that delicacy of sentiment, on this side the extreme, adds greatly to the happiness of mankind, by diffusing an universal benevolence. It teaches men to feel for others as for themselves; it disposes us to rejoice with the happy, and, by partaking, to increase their pleasure. It frequently excludes the malignant passions, which are the sources of the greatest miseries in life. It excites a pleasing sensation in our own breast, which, if its duration be considered, may be placed among the highest gratifications of sense. The only ill consequence that can be apprehended from it is, an effeminacy of mind, which may disqualify us for vigorous pursuits and manly exertions.

In the most successful course of life, obstacles will impede, and disagreeable circumstances disgust. To bear these without feeling them, is sometimes necessary in the right conduct of life; but he who is tremblingly alive all over, and whose sensibility approaches to soreness, avoids the contest on which he knows he must be hurt. He feels injuries never committed; and resents affronts never

ver intended. Disgusted with men and manners, he either seeks retirement to indulge his melancholy, or, weakened by continual chagrin, he conducts himself with folly and imprudence.

How then shall we avoid the extreme of a disposition, which, in the due medium, is productive of the most salutary consequences? In this excess, as well as all others, reason must be called in to moderate. Sensibility must not be permitted to sink us into that state of indolence which effectually represents those manly sentiments that may very well consist with the most delicate. The greatest mildness is commonly united with the greatest fortitude in the true hero. Tenderness, joined with resolution, form, indeed, a finished character.

The affectation of great sensibility is extremely common. It is, however, as odious as the reality is amiable. It renders a man contemptible, and a woman ridiculous. Instead of relieving the afflicted, which is the necessary effect of genuine sympathy, a character of this sort flies from misery, to shew that it is too delicate to support the sight of distress.—The appearance of a toad, or the jolting of a carriage, will cause a paroxysm of fear. But it is remarkable, that this delicacy and tenderness often disappear in solitude, and the pre-
tender

tender to uncommon sensibility is frequently found, in the absence of witnesses, to be uncommonly unfeeling.

To have received a tender heart from the hand of Nature, is to have received the means of the greatest blessings. To have guided it by the dictates of reason, is to have acted up to the dignity of human nature, and to have obtained that happiness of which the heart was constituted susceptible. May a temper, thus laudable in itself, never be rendered contemptible by affectation, or useless by neglect!

ACCOUNT OF
A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

THE village of Threlkeld, in Cumberland, a curacy, was once in the possession of a clergyman remarkable for the oddity of his character. This gentleman, by name Alexander Naughley, was a native of Scotland.

The cure in his time was very poor, only eight pounds sixteen shillings yearly; but, as he lived the life of a Diogenes, it was enough. His dress was mean and even beggarly: he lived alone, without

out a servant to do the meanest drudgery for him: his victuals he cooked himself, not very elegantly we may suppose: his bed was straw, with only two blankets.—But with all these outward marks of a sloven, no man possessed a greater genius; his wit was ready, his satire keen and undaunted, and his learning extensive; add to this, that he was a facetious and agreeable companion; and though generally fond of the deepest retirement, would unbend among company, and become the chief promoter of mirth. He had an excellent library, and at his death, left behind him several manuscripts, on various subjects, and of very great merit. These consisted of, a Treatise on Algebra, Conic Sections, Spherical Trigonometry, and other Mathematical pieces. He had written some poetry, but most of this he destroyed before his death. His other productions would have shared the same fate, had they not been kept from him by a person to whom he had entrusted them. The state they were found in is scarcely less extraordinary than his other oddities; being written upon sixty loose sheets tied together with a shoemaker's waxed thread.

Mr. Naughley never was married; but having once some thoughts of entering into that state, he was rejected by the fair one to whom he paid his addresses.

addresses. Enraged at this disappointment, and to prevent the fair sex from having any further influence over him, he castrated himself, giving for his reason, "If thy right eye offend thee, &c." In consequence of this operation he grew prodigiously fat, and his voice, which was naturally good, improved very much, and continued during his life. He died April 30th, 1756, at the age of 76, having served this curacy forty-seven years.

Among the extraordinary anecdotes related of him, the Dean, in the course of his peregrination, visiting Mr. Naughley, upon entering into his house, found great fault with every article of his dress, furniture, and all parts of his dwelling.—The Dean being about to depart, Mr. Naughley stopped him, saying, "Dean, you have not seen the most valuable part of my furniture." The Dean looked, but could not perceive any thing even decent. "Ah," said Mr. Naughley, "there is contentment peeping out of every corner of my cot, and you cannot see her. I suppose you are not acquainted with her? Upon the walls of your lordly mansion, and in your bedchamber, is written, Dean and Chapter; after that, Bishop. No thought of these here; nor ladies, nor equipage. Contentment keeps them off." Mr. Naughley then

then repeated to him the passage in Horace.—*Hoc erat in votis, modus agri non ita magnus, &c.* A little farm, and a pleasant clear spring, a garden, and a grove—were the utmost of my wish. Heaven, in its bounty, has exceeded my hopes; it has given me contentment.

A MAN PERISHING IN THE SNOW,

WITH REFLECTIONS

On the MISERIES of Human Life.

(THOMSON.)

AS thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darkened air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands: sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow! and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of
 home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!

O

What

What black despair, what horror fills the heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, un-
 known,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish, nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!

Nor

Nor wife, nor children, no more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corpse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain:
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man:
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery: sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the fordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty: how many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse:
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,

With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress: how many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish.—Thought fond
 man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

A N E C D O T E

O F

FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

HIS MAJESTY being *incognito* at Amsterdam,
 wished to speak to a banker who was to pay
 him a considerable sum of money. He therefore
 went

went to his house; but not finding him at home, the banker's wife said he would soon be back, and if he chose he might wait in the parlour, the door of which she opened. The King, who did not discover himself to the lady, accepted the proposal; but was not in the least aware of the compliment he was going to receive; for she begged him to leave his shoes at the door. The King scraped and wiped them as clean as possible; but all in vain;—he was at last obliged to submit to the ceremony. The lady was not polite enough to stay with him 'till her husband returned, which was shortly after, and who was much astonished to see the monarch under his roof; but was near sinking with shame when he saw him without his shoes. Throwing himself on his knees to beg pardon for his wife: "Heavens, why did not your Majesty discover yourself?" "Quite the contrary," said the King, "I took pains not to do it: for the King of Prussia himself could not have released me from this little ceremony." In this he was not deceived. The banker's wife was called. "What have you done?" exclaimed the husband, informing her of the quality of his visitor. "Down on your knees, and beg pardon for your rudeness." Well, says she, I cannot help it: kings and queens must submit—don't I pull off my shoes, although the mistress of the apartment? You are perfectly right, madam,

madam, answered this best of kings. " Now, my dear Sir, are you convinced? I was certain that my submission, and keeping *incognito*, would save the King of Prussia from disgrace."

CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER, amid the gloom of night I
stray,

Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense
Of an all-wise, all-powerful providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant hills with eastern light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces shew.
The barren cliffs, with chalky fronts, arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns;
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty lost.
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.

Yet

Yet still ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
 Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere.
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
 But this we know that heaven's eternal king,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends;
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise.
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
 While we, in sleep's embraces, waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;

In

In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the poor soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known;
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

OF CULTIVATING CHEARFULNESS AND GOOD-HUMOUR.

THE chearful man reflects that the greatest sorrow cannot indemnify him for an evil that is past; that it is madness to chagrin himself for what cannot be prevented, and impiety to murmur at the dispensations of Providence; and that melancholy and sadness are the greatest of misfortunes: he avoids mournful reflections, which might impair his health; for fear of giving up himself to sorrow, he takes up a book to amuse, or goes in quest of company to enliven him. The body is worn out by sorrow, as the heart by love,
or

or the faculties of the mind by study: we should therefore take care to fortify ourselves against all cross accidents.

We are not in health but when our nerves are elastic, and our whole being, as well spiritual as material, is in a certain degree of ease: therefore sorrow, which overwhelms us, must necessarily disturb our health; by suspending the free course of our desires and our thoughts, it works in us the same alteration which happens in rivers in very cold weather. The water which is converted into a kind of marble, is an image of the change that melancholy produces. Cheerfulness, on the contrary, like a gentle heat, constantly expands the mind and heart. Scarron, whose soul was united to a very ill-organized body, would not have lived two years, had not Cheerfulness, his only fortune, continually sustained and comforted him: she put herself in the place of his disorders, and inspired him with the most burlesque ideas, at the time he was enduring the most cruel sufferings.

We are greatly deceived concerning the nature of chagrins, if we imagine that those only which destroy our reputation, or overthrow our fortune, have a hurtful impression on our health. Disquiets are relative to constitutions, to characters, to tastes,

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to situations of life. Every one has his imaginary troubles. One is as much affected by the loss of a favorite animal, as another is by the loss of his fortune. Cheerfulness alone dissipates our alarms, and reduces them to their just value: then our days pass tranquilly, and we insensibly arrive at old age, without perceiving we grow old. Persons who afflict themselves voluntarily, or who are ignorant of the art of virtuous rejoicing, are only half alive; while cheerful men enjoy a complete existence, and every moment are sensible of the pleasure of being and of thinking.

But it will be sufficient to examine the countenance of a man naturally and habitually cheerful, to convince us of the happy influences of good-humour: he has a serene visage, which, as clear as the finest day, announces neither clouds nor storms; clear and speaking eyes, which indicate the harmony of the body and mind; a smiling mouth, expressive of the joy of his heart. Seldom do wrinkles disfigure a countenance naturally and habitually open: in vain does time trace furrows on every thing that breathes, and engrave himself in a manner on our foreheads and our cheeks: he does but lightly touch the cheerful, because they depend much less than others on his caprices, revolutions and misfortunes. In fact, the Philosopher,

pher, accustomed to live in himself, makes the happiness of his existence, not to depend on fashions, on events, or years: he only knows the present day, without anxious discontent or inquietude for the morrow, which seems to him imaginary: he contents himself with the society he is in, without a desire for places where he is not: he makes a pleasure of his business, without thinking there are others more eligible: in short, he raises himself above human miseries, without despising mankind.

Chearfulness, like those liquors, which swim upon the lee, keeps itself (if I may be allowed the expression) above our misfortunes, and so purifies itself, that we always perceive it without any mixture. The blood becomes more fluid, the heart more at ease, the humours more acrid and less abundant, and the mind more disengaged. We feel ourselves beginning life again, as soon as chagrin and discontent leave us: and this is so true, that most invalids desire a cheerful physician; and many doctors have grown rich, rather by their vivacity than their ability. Almost every one, and especially the female sex, forget their complaints, when they are told the news of the day, or hear agreeable and ingenious conversation,

I am

I am afraid of nothing (said a philosopher) when I have chearfulness: she makes amends for bad fortune; she preserves me from diseases, or makes me forget them; she accompanies me in society, or in retirement; like those flowers which open and shut successively, yet always preserve their freshness.

Nothing is more liable to maladies than Misanthropy. What did I say? It is itself the most severe of all maladies. Whoever is seized with it, suffers and smarts at every pore, without being able to determine the place of his sufferings. But the chearful are no more afflicted with chagrin, than with what is transitory; or if at any time they indulge it, it is only by their feeling a certain satisfaction, which springs up even in the bosom of their grief. Tears are precious to sensible minds; and in vain do they flow: they cannot alter the Chearfulness philosophy produces.

Every man who disquiets himself, is very near being ill; and every invalid who afflicts himself, approaches to death. It is then that which disgusts by day, and wakeful nights, exhaust the body, and reduce the soul to complaints and sighs. It can be scarce imagined how much even the reveries of a melancholy man impair his health; they are like slow fevers, which consume without appearing

pearing to act. It is not so with chearful persons; afflictions only slide over their minds, without being able to fix there: What do I say? They never arrive as far as there: the soul keeps itself free from all cloud, and without any trouble. But let us leave these details, to determine the question by a calculation. If we reckon up those who arrive at a very advanced age, we shall find that the greatest number consists of persons of sweet and chearful dispositions. Contentment, the true elixir of life, does, as it were, re-animate us: it divests us of our phlegmatic humours, to communicate to us a certain complacency and ease we perceive in ourselves, and that we cannot describe: it lightens us so much, as to diminish our proper weight, and to elevate us above our senses and our passions, by a habit of thinking that breathes nothing but a happy independence. If our bodies were transparent, the happy effects of Chearfulness would be there seen. Like a new juice, it dilates the muscles, gives to our whole being a fresh agility, and renders us in some sort more dear to ourselves. Nor old age, nor disease, have any thing terrifying to the chearful man; he fades it is true; but like the rose, which preserves, even when perishing, some vestiges of its beauty. And we may observe persons, that are good-humoured by constitution, or by reflection, surrounded by
 their

their friends even to their very last moment. We take pleasure in enjoying the remains of their past cheerfulness, and hear them relate the anecdotes of their youth.

The cheerful man feels within himself a heart dilated by joy, and an imagination extending itself agreeably: his ideas, his thoughts, his desires, are so arrayed and multiplied, as to open to him the path of happiness. The melancholy man, on the contrary, loses at least one third part of his happiness, and is often the occasion of other's dissatisfaction.

It is commonly said that chagrin kills the men, and only occasions vapours in the women; because the fair-sex weep more easily, and because they have more volatile ideas: but have not we, in return, more opportunities of dissipation? However that be, sorrow will always become a dangerous disease, when we give up ourselves to it, and we cannot divert it too much.

O ye, who consume your days in the bosom of projects, of chagrins, and of embarrassments, enjoy the life and being that Heaven grants you, instead of tormenting yourselves. Know that to set bounds to your desires, is to be rich, and that it is madness to live only after an uncertain manner.

Cheerfulness,

Chearfulness, like a delicious balm, calms all evils, and makes us see only pusillanimity in the greatest part of the anxieties which devour us.

In short, if gratitude to Heaven be a duty, if health be a blessing, let us cultivate Cheerfulness and Good-Humour: they are the best expressions of a devout and contented mind; they are also the best preservatives of health, or the best antidotes and remedies against disease. A merry heart does good like a medicine, and with an aching one the best remedies will be of no avail, not only the body, but all the faculties of the mind, are broken and impaired by thick-eyed, musing, cursed melancholy.

MILTON'S
MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!

Almighty! thine this universal frame,

Thus wond'rous fair! Thyself how wond'rous then!

Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these Heav'ns,

To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works; yet these declare

Thy

Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
 Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle; multiform, and mix,
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise

From

From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters
 blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warb'ling tune his praise.
 Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still,
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.



THE HISTORY OF
AL MAMOUN,
 THE
 SON OF NOURADIN.

IN the reign of *Jenghiz Can*, conqueror of the east in the city of *Samarcand*, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of *India*, for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hastened to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages, the sea was covered with his ships, the streams of *Oxus* were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky wasted wealth to *Nouradin*.

At length *Nouradin* felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physic; they filled his apartments with alexipharmics, restoratives, and essential virtues, the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of *Arabia* were distilled, and all
 the

the powers of nature were employed to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. *Nouradin* was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length having passed the night in tedious languor, he called to him *Almamoulin*, his only son; and dismissing his attendants, "My son," says he, "behold here the weakness and fragility of man: look backward a few days, thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; the nations of *Asia* drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. Malevolence beheld me and sighed: His root, she cried, is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the fountains of *Oxus*; it sends out branches afar, and bids defiance, to the blast; prudence reclines against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top. Now, *Almamoulin*, look upon me withering and prostrate; look upon me and attend. I have trafficked, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain; my house is splendid, my ser-

vants are numerous; yet I displayed only a small part of my riches; the rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, I have hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will discover. My purpose was, after ten months more spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a safer country; to have given seven years to delight and festivity, and the remaining part of my days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of death is upon me, a frigidific torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy with wisdom." The thought of leaving his wealth filled *Nouradin* with such grief, that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched awhile with honest sorrow, and sat two hours in profound meditation, without perusing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborne with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new possessions, which swelled his heart with such transports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now sufficiently composed to order a funeral of modest magnificence, suitable at once to the rank

rank of *Nouradin's* profession, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treasures greater to his eye than to his imagination. *Almamoulin* had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. *Almamoulin* was informed of his danger, he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold, and gems, and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself by an alliance with the princes of *Tartary*, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents re-
fused;

fused; but a princess of *Astracan* once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of *Golconda*; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. *Almamoulin* approached and trembled. She saw his confusion, and disdained him: How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation; thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestic pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels. These amusements pleased him for a time; but langour and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted;

ed; he found his heart vacant, and his desires for want of eternal objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to *Sarmacand* and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies, wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. *Almamoulin* cried out, "I have at last found the use of my riches; I am surrounded by companions, who view my greatness without envy; and I enjoy at once the rapture of popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. What trouble can he feel, whom all are studious to please; that they may be repaid with pleasure? What danger can he dread, to whom every man is a friend?"

Such were the thoughts of *Almamoulin*, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly regaling at his expence: but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and in the form of legal citation, summoned *Almamoulin* to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice

to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants accusing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unprotected, and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice, or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses: and being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless researches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of *Oxus*, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. “Brother,” said the philosopher, “thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them, what experience has now taught thee, that they cannot give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they tempted thee, upon thy first entrance into the world, to purchase the empty sound of
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vulgar acclamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude or magnanimity, that man may be certain, who stood trembling at *Astracan*, before a being not naturally superior to himself. That they will not supply unexhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken palaces, and neglected gardens, will easily inform thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst soon discover, when thou were left to stand thy trial uncoun tenanced, and alone. Yet think not riches useless; there are purposes, to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them; they may, by rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable thee to perform, and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the confidence of divine favour, and the hope of future rewards."

ANECDOTE OF SALADIN,

SOLDAN OF EGYPT.

SALADIN, the Soldan of Egypt, though he had dominions enough of his own, was always
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ready, when occasion offered, to make free with other people's. At his return, without success, from the siege of Mouful, in Syria, he seized into his hands the whole lordship of Emessa, in prejudice to the right of Nafir Eddin, the young Prince who claimed it. And this he did upon pretence, that the father of the youth had forfeited it, by giving countenance to confederacies against the Soldan's interest. Saladan, however, ordered that proper care should be taken of the injured Prince's education: and being desirous to observe what progress he made in his studies, he was brought one day before the Soldan; who asked him, with much gravity, in what part of the Alcoran he was reading? I am come, replied the young Prince, (to the surprize of all who were near him) to that verse which informs me, that he who devours the estates of orphans, is not a King, but a Tyrant. The Soldan was much startled at the turn and spirit of his repartee; but, after some pause and recollection, returned the youth this generous answer: He who speaks with such resolution, would act with so much courage, that I restore you to your father's possessions, lest I should be thought to stand in fear of a virtue which I only reverence.

THE D R E A M.

SIR WILLIAM COURTNEY met the elegant Miss Bendish at the Opera; Sir William was a man of family, but his paternal estate was small—so small, indeed, that he did not think it would entitle him to a kind reception from the lady in question, a rich heiress, with a large fortune in her own power, in consequence of which she had a train of admirers, apparently admirers of her *person*; but the majority of them would not, probably, have given themselves any trouble about her, beautiful as she was, had she not possessed an estate which brought her in a neat fifteen hundred a year. Sir William, however, did not follow Miss Bendish merely with lucrative views; he was struck with her personal charms, and was convinced, in his conversations with her, that she had a bright understanding, improved by cultivation, knowledge of the world, and connections with the best bred people in it. She was also of a mild and benevolent disposition. The only failing with which she could have been justly charged, was a tendency to caprice; a failing for which *some* excuses might have been framed, as she had in the bloom of youth, so much beauty and wealth at her command. Upon the first acquaintance with Sir William Courtney, she thought him a very amiable

man; but, as she had, from the great superiority of her fortune, reason to suppose every man actuated by mercenary motives, who with an income much inferior to her own, ventured to pay his addresses to her, she had made a resolution never to marry. She had not yet, indeed, met with an admirer who was, at the same time, richer than herself, and sufficiently agreeable to move her heart in his favour. She therefore gave no direct encouragement to any man, though she treated all with politeness, and might very well have been distinguished by the following lines:

“ Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
“ Oft she rejects, but never once offends.”

By a behaviour quite enchanting, and by the numberless graces which she discovered, upon a nearer acquaintance with Sir William, she captivated his heart; but, at the same time that behaviour, and those graces, almost made him resolve never to sue for a blessing, the dreadful denial of which would give him, he felt, the severest disquiet. However, some favourable glances which she now and then directed to him; her softened tones, whenever she happened to speak to him; and the readiness with which she offered him her hand, to conduct her to her coach or chair to or from any public places, joined to the *affected indifference* with which

which she beheld him sometimes paying attentions to other females, induced him at length to imagine that she had no aversion to him, and that she might be brought, by a proper train of assiduities, to listen to his suit.

Sir William was not more vain than other handsome young fellows generally are, yet he had no mean opinion of his person or manners: he really thought he was very capable of making any woman happy, who could like him; he therefore determined to make a trial of his parts: but as he also had judgment enough to know that a man is often more likely to gain a victory by *sap* than by *storm*, he began to discover more solicitude about Miss Bendish than usual. Whenever she went abroad, he followed her—he flew to obey her commands,—a look, a nod, was sufficient to make him undertake and execute any thing for her; every thing, indeed, with whatever difficulties the execution of it might be attended. He was deterred by no difficulties of any kind. Animated with the hopes of making himself an object of importance in *her* eyes, and of giving *her* pleasure, he exerted all his powers, in order to arrive at the consummation of his desires.

These striking marks of attention in Sir William's behaviour to Miss Bendish, had the intended effect.

effect. She was charmed with his assiduities,—they made the wished-for impression on her heart; yet, upon a moment's consideration, she began to reflect, that if she *did* consent to Sir William's wishes, and threw her person and fortune into his power, she should not know whether she was not obliged to the *latter* alone, for the preference he gave her. She could not bear the idea of being solicited by a needy man, studious only of enabling himself to support his rank in life at *her* expence. —And though she really, at that time, loved Sir William well enough to accept of him, though he had neither birth nor riches to recommend him, she resolved to put a flat negative upon his solicitations, if they amounted to any overtures of the matrimonial kind. She determined, indeed, to let him see (supposing him adventurous enough to act in the manner she expected)—to let him see she believed that he sighed for her fortune alone; and that any woman, possessed of the same qualifications for the marriage state, would be equally desirable in his eyes. Agreeably to this resolution she acted. Sir William imagining, from the attractions, in her carriage, that there was room for him to hope for success, made the long delayed disclosure. He spoke, and was rejected—he sighed, bowed, and retired. However, though he could not, rationally, raise new expectations,

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she was still the woman of his heart: he still seized every opportunity to gaze on her lovely face, to listen to her melodious voice, and to offer her, though with the greatest diffidence, his hand. *She* also, on *her* side, would often say to one of her intimate female friends, "Oh my dear Harriot, what would I not give, that Courtney had a fortune equal to my own!"

While she was talking in this strain one day to this friend, Harriot replied, "Why should you be so anxious about money, my dear Clara. You have a great deal; you cannot possibly want any more. Besides, it would be an act of true generosity to raise a pretty fellow; and the reflections arising from such an act, must surely produce infinite satisfaction."

And so my dear Harriot, (replied Clara) you would have me reward a man for being mercenary, and give myself to a fellow, who, most probably, has nothing in view but my fortune; who has distinguished me only on that account; and who, should he fall in the way of a still richer woman, would, doubtless, give *me* up immediately for a more advantageous alliance. No, no, Harriot—a woman can never be sure that a man is sincere, if he has a shilling less than herself." There may
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be some truth in what you say, (answered Harriot,) yet, methinks, I should like to make the fortune of the man I loved." Clara replied with a blush, which clearly discovered the situation of her mind, "When I am in love, Harriot, I may possibly think as you do."

In a very few months after this conversation, Sir William, by the unexpected death of a first cousin, as young and as likely to live as himself, became possessed of a fortune three times larger than that in the possession of Miss Bendish; and the pleasure which he felt from so considerable an acquisition, was greatly increased by the feeling himself in a situation to renew his addresses to his lovely Clara with more confidence. Some men, indeed, would have been so disgusted at a first refusal, that they would not have hazarded a second; they would have probably thought that the Lady who could reject a man merely on account of the smallness of his fortune, and receive him upon his gaining an addition to it, was of a very fordid disposition.

Sir William's sentiments upon this occasion were of a more liberal kind: he considered the behaviour of the woman whom he loved with the greatest candour; he made due allowance for the deference

deference which such a young Lady pays to her relations and friends, as they commonly prefer the accumulation of riches to every thing else. He thought also, she might very rationally wish to have her conduct approved by that world in which she made so conspicuous a figure. These considerations, joined to the contemptible idea he had of his own fortune, when he first addressed her, made him most readily excuse her proceedings at that time; and having now no doubts of success, he offered himself again to the sole object of his wishes, exclusive of all pecuniary motives. He offered himself again, and, to his extreme surprize was again rejected.

Surprized—distressed at his *second* dismissal, he would have expostulated with her upon the cruelty of her behaviour; but she was not capable of entering into the discussion of a subject in which her heart was so deeply interested, and by which it was so tenderly affected. She left him abruptly, but she left him—determin'd to relinquish his hopes.

Clara, flying to her friend; told her how much it had cost her to reject the man who had ever, she was now thoroughly convinced, loved her with the sincerest affection—loved her for herself alone;

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adding, that she was resolved to retire immediately into the country, as she could not, she was certain, resist the looks, the sighs, the importunities of the amiable Courtney, if she continued exposed to the sight of him.

“ And why should you make such a resistance?” said Harriot: “ Have you not tried him? Have you not found him most deserving?” Yes, (replied Clara,) and shall I be less deserving than *he* is? Oh no! He shall never think me mercenary.”

In consequence of her new resolutions, Miss Bendish removed from London, and went down to one of her country houses. Sir William, as soon as he heard of her departure, followed her. One afternoon, Clara having strolled into her garden, with a tender tale in her hand, which brought to her mind all that had passed between herself and her beloved Sir William, she became so fatigued by walking in the sun, that she was glad to retire to a bench, in the most shady situation. On that seat, still oppressed with the heat, she fell asleep, and her book soon dropped out of her hand.

At that moment, Sir William having bribed the gardener to let him into the garden when his mistress was alone, made his appearance. He stood “ root-bound” at the sight of her, for some time, and then threw himself into an attitude of rapture, which

which love inspired.—What were his transports, while he remained in that attitude, when he heard her give a vent to the ideas which floated in her mind, during the apparent cessation of reflection! —“ Yes, Courtney,” the transported lover heard her say,—“ Yes Courtney, you I love sincerely; but I cannot bear to be thought under the influence of interested views.”

This involuntary effusion was sufficient for the enamoured hearer of it, who then ventured to wake her from a dream of pleasure, to the “ sober certainty” of real delight.—She blushed at having discovered, undesignedly, the secret of her heart to Sir William; but she had no reason, when she had given him her hand, to repent of her union with him, as he made an exemplary husband. They had both, indeed, sufficient reason to be satisfied with the dream, and looked upon it as the foundation of all their felicity.

ANECDOTE

O F

King George the Second.

DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young Lieutenant of the Marines was so unhappy
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as to lose both his legs by a chain shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half-pay. The honourable board pitied the youth, but disregarded the petition. Major Mason had the poor Lieutenant conducted to Court on a public day, in his uniform; where, posted in the Guard-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out, as the King was passing to the Drawing-Room, *Behold, great Sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you, he has lost both in your service.* The King, struck no less by the singularity of this address, than by the melancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. *Half-Pay,* (replied the Lieutenant) *and please your Majesty.—Fye, fye, on't,* said the King, shaking his head, *but let me see you again next Levee-day.* The Lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of Royalty, five hundred pounds smart money, and an appointment of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly so long as he lived.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF A COUNSELLOR

FAMED FOR

His Eloquence and Covetousness.

A Certain Counsellor, famed both for his eloquence and covetousness, and who seldom considered the goodness of the cause that he undertook, provided his client could pay him, was consulted by a notorious robber, who promised him a large reward, provided that he brought him off; and the pleader so dexterously managed, that he saved the rogue from the gallows: and the client, to shew his gratitude to his good friend, as soon as freed, hastened to his house, and presented him with a thousand crowns. The Counsellor in return to so generous a client, solicited the favour of his company to supper, and the night proving wet and dark, further invited him to take a bed there, which offer he accepted. The guest arose in the middle of the night, found the way to the room of his hospitable host, and without ceremony bound and gagged him—re-pocketed his thousand crowns, and broke open a chest, in which he found plenty of silver and gold, with which (after wishing him a good night) he marched off in triumph.—If we screen a villain at the expence of our conscience, from law and justice, we merit no other return than ingratitude.

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THE DISTRESS OF POVERTY,
 EXEMPLIFIED IN
AN AFFECTING STORY.

IN the year 1662, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, M. de Sallo, returning from a summer's evening walk, with only a foot-boy, was accosted by a man who presented his pistol, and, in a manner far from the resoluteness of an hardened robber, asked him for his money.--M. de Sallo, observing that he came to the wrong man, and that he could get little from him, added, "I have only three pistoles about me, which are not worth a scuffle, so much good may they do you, but let me tell you, you are in a bad way." The man took them and walked off, without asking for more, with an air of dejection and terror.

The fellow was no sooner gone, than M. de Sallo ordered the boy to follow him, to see where he went, and to give him an account of every thing. The lad obeyed, followed him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter into a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the pistoles; and buy a large brown loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors farther, and, entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story,

story, where he saw him go into a room that had no other light but that it received from the moon; and peeping through a crevice, he perceived him throw it on the floor, and burst into tears, saying, "there, eat your fill, that's the dearest loaf I ever bought; I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles; let us husband them well, and let me have no more teazings, for soon or late these doings must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamours." His lamentations were answered by those of the whole family; and the wife, having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and cutting it, gave four pieces to four starving children.

The boy, having thus happily performed his commission, returned home and gave his master an account of every thing he had seen and heard. M. de Sallo, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him at five in the morning: this humane gentleman arose at the time appointed, and, taking the boy with him to shew him the way, enquired in the neighbourhood the character of a man who lived in such a garret, with a wife and four children; when he was told, that he was a very industrious, good kind of man;—that he was a shoemaker, and a neat workman, but was overburthened with a family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times.

Satisfied

Satisfied with this account, M. de Sallo ascended to the shoemaker's garret, and knocked at the door; it was opened by the poor man himself, who knowing him at first sight to be the person he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet, and implored his mercy,—pleading the extreme distress of his family, and begging that he would forgive his first crime. M. de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had not the least intention to hurt him. “ You have a good character among your neighbours, said he, but must soon expect to be cut off, if you are now so wicked to continue the freedoms you took with me. Hold your hand, here are thirty pistoles to buy leather; husband it well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of farther temptations to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry: I hear you are a neat workman, and you shall take measure of me and this boy for two pair of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them.” The whole family appeared struck with joy, amazement and gratitude, and M. de Sallo departed greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction at having saved a man, and perhaps a family, from the commission of further guilt, from an ignominious death, and perhaps from eternal perdition. Never could a day be much better begun; the consciousness of
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having performed such an action, whenever it recurs to the mind of a reasonable being, must be attended with pleasure, and that self-complacency and secret approbation which is more desirable than gold and all the pleasures of the earth.

ANECDOTE
OF
THE FAMOUS WALLER.

AFTER that remarkable, and never to be forgotten period of time, when the most unfortunate prince fell a sacrifice to the fury of an incensed and enthusiastic people, and there was some reason to think the royal family of the Stuarts would never fill the throne of these kingdoms; Waller made his court to the Protector, and bestowed the most lavish encomiums on that artful, that pretended guardian of English liberty. He arrayed tyranny, murder, and usurpation in the robes of mercy, justice, and benevolence. But when Charles was recalled, and took possession of the throne of his ancestors, the poet changed his strain, congratulated the monarch's restoration, and celebrated the happiness that would undoubtedly

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edly flow from that very monarchical government, which he had before considered as a species of tyranny, and an unjust restraint upon British liberty.

When he presented his poem to the King, which was done in a crowded drawing-room, and doubtless, every one impatient to know how his Majesty would receive both the poet and his performance, as the pains he had taken to ingratiate himself both with Cromwell and his son Richard were sufficiently known, some expected he would have been forbid the Court, and the person who had introduced him have received a severe reprimand: but those who thought in this manner, did not sufficiently know the character of that prince. He read the verses to himself, and then looking at Mr. Waller, with a smile said, "these lines are extremely good; but I think several of those you wrote on the Protector were still better." Waller, with a presence of mind equal to his other great talents, replied, with a low bow, "O may it please your Majesty, we poets always write better on fiction than on truth."

This answer, and the manner in which it was made, entirely removed all the remains of discontent, the King might have conceived against him for his former behaviour; and whatever he wrote afterwards

afterwards always met with a favourable reception; wit being, in that prince, a sufficient sanction for almost any offence, when it regarded only himself.

ANECDOTE

OF THE FAMOUS PAINTER,
ANNIBAL CARRACHE.

AMONG the beautiful paintings, none are more deservedly admired than those in the Farnesian Gallery. They are executed in Fresco by Annibal Carrache, and represent the amours of the Gods and Goddeses, with the history of Andromeda. All the paintings were so surprisingly beautiful, that the best judges are of opinion, that no gallery in the universe can be compared to this. But merit is not always properly rewarded. Carrache experienced this; for when the gallery was finished, Pope Paul III. asked his favourite Gioseppino, otherwise Joseph d'Arpino, what reward the painter deserved for this admirable performance. D'Arpino, who was himself a painter, and extremely jealous of Carrache's high reputation, told the Pope that two thousand crowns would do very well, though he knew, in his conscience, that an hundred thousand would hardly

be a sufficient equivalent. The silly Pontiff listened to his adviser; and Carrache hearing of this unjust transaction, was so enraged, that he swore by his Maker, that he would be revenged both of the Pope and his adviser. He set out immediately for Naples, and, having no money, was obliged to travel on foot.

The first stage he stopped at was a wretched village, called Piperno, where the fatigues of his journey, and the vexations of his mind, threw him into a long and dangerous fit of illness. To complete the poor artist's misfortunes, his landlord grew very insolent, taking every opportunity of teasing him for money. Carrache was long at a loss how to pacify his rude host; but at last thought of the following expedient, which he apprehended would at once satisfy the innkeeper, and his own resentment against the Pope. He had recourse to his pencil and colours, drew on a piece of broken chest, an ass of a monstrous size, magnificently accoutred, and decorated with the ignorant Pontiff's arms. The driver of this beast was proportionably large and tall, representing to the life the envious Gioseppino. The picture being finished, Carrache advised his landlord to set it up instead of the old sign post of his inn. This being done, the novelty of the painting drew the eyes of travellers,

vellers, and occasioned a very considerable quantity of money to be spent in the house. Many of them being well acquainted with Gioseppino, soon guessed the true reason of his portrait being placed there. This occasioned a great deal of mirth and laughter in Rome, at the expence of the Pope and his worthless favourite, whose excessive mortification is much easier imagined than expressed. Thus the poor and injured painter found means to reward his landlord for his trouble and expence, and at the same time to mortify his enemies.

A N E C D O T E

OF THE

Celebrated DUKE DE ROCLORE,
The favourite Wit & Buffoon of Lewis XIV.

THE Duke de Roclore was in his person far from being agreeable: his countenance was rather forbidding, and his person was awkward. Another Nobleman, whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the Duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The Duke readily engaged in his friend's interest,
and

and fairly rallied the King into a compliance. After the King had finished his fit of laughter, and given his Royal promise, he added, " But for Heaven's sake, Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in his intercession? " I will tell your Majesty: if he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in all France."

ANECDOTE

O F

GEORGE the FIRST.

THIS illustrious Monarch evinced by his words and actions the true sense which he entertained of the duty of a King. Among the many proofs of this kind, the following should not be forgotten :

In answer to a petition of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, on the 6th of November, 1718, his Majesty said, " I shall be glad, not only for your sakes but my own, if any defects, which may touch the rights of my good subjects, are discovered in my time, since that will furnish me with the means of giving you and all my people an indisputable proof of my tenderness of their privileges."

CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION.

WHEN we converse familiarly with a learned friend, we have his own help at hand to explain to us every word and sentiment that seems obscure in his discourse, and to inform us of his whole meaning, so that we are in much less danger of mistaking his sense: whereas in books, whatsoever is really obscure, may also abide always obscure without remedy, since the author is not at hand, that we may inquire his sense.

If we mistake the meaning of our friend in conversation, we are quickly set right again; but in reading we many times go on in the same mistake, and are not capable of recovering ourselves from it. Thence it comes to pass, that we have so many contests in all ages about the meaning of ancient authors, especially sacred writers. Happy should we be, could we but converse with *Moses*, *Isaiah*, and *St. Paul*, and consult the prophets and apostles, when we meet with a difficult text! But that glorious conversation is reserved for the ages of future blessedness.

Conversation calls out into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents it brings old useful notions into remembrance; it
unfolds

unfolds and displays the hidden treasures of knowledge with which reading, observation, and study had before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse, the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading without conversation is like a miser, who lives only to himself.

In free and friendly conversation our intellectual powers are more animated, and our spirits act with a superior vigour in the quest and pursuit of unknown truths. There is a sharpness and sagacity of thought that attends conversation beyond what we find whilst we are shut up reading and musing in our retirements. Our souls may be serene in solitude, but not sparkling, though perhaps we are employed in reading the works of the brightest writers. Often has it happened in free discourse, that new thoughts are strangely struck out, and the seeds of truth sparkle and blaze through the company, which in calm and silent reading would never have been excited. By conversation, you will both give and receive this benefit; as flints, when put into motion and striking against each other, produce living fire on both sides, which would never have risen from the same hard materials in a state of rest.

In

In generous conversation amongst ingenious and learned men, we have a great advantage of proposing our own opinions, and of bringing our own sentiments to the test, and learning in a more compendious way, what the world will judge of them, how mankind will receive them, what objections may be raised against them, what defects there are in our scheme; and how to correct our own mistakes; which advantages are not so easily obtained by our own private meditations: for the pleasure we take in our own notions, and the passion of self-love, as well as the narrowness of our own views, tempt us to pass too favourable an opinion on our own schemes; whereas the variety of genius in our several associates, will give happy notices how our opinion will stand in the view of mankind.

'Tis also another considerable advantage of conversation, that it furnishes the student with the knowledge of men and the affairs of life, as reading furnishes him with book-learning. A man who dwells all his days among books, may have amassed together a vast heap of notions, but he may be a mere scholar, which is a contemptible sort of character in the world. A hermit who has been shut up in his cell in a college, has contracted a sort of mould and rust upon his soul, and all his

airs of behaviour have a certain aukwardness in them: but these aukward airs are worn off by degrees in company: the rust and mould are filed and brushed off by polite conversation. The scholar now becomes a citizen or a gentleman, a neighbour and a friend; he learns how to dress his sentiments in the fairest colours, as well as to set them in the fairest light. Thus he brings out his notions with honour, he makes some use of them in the world, and improves the theory by practice.

ANECDOTES
OF
The Great LORD HALLIFAX,
AND MR. ADDISON.

MR. Addison had the honour to accompany Lord Hallifax when he set out for Greenwich, to wait upon King George the First. Before he went, he took him into his library, and with an air that spoke the infinite satisfaction of his mind, expressed himself in these words:—
“ Well, Sir, we have at length gained a complete victory; the Hanover succession takes place, the King is landed, and we shall soon have the pleasure to kiss his hand. You are so much my friend,
that

that I must tell you plainly I expect to have the white staff; and I have been long considering, and am come to a resolution how to behave: I came into the world with little or no fortune: every man will try to make his private circumstances easy; I thank God, I have made mine so: I have got more money than it is, perhaps, proper every body should know, and I am come to a full resolution to set up my rest, as to that point, where I am. I have been in my time a good deal in hot water, and as deeply engaged in parties as most men. To say the truth, I have done a great many things in the spirit of party, which, when I reflect on seriously, I am heartily ashamed of. I resolve, by the help of God, to make King George—not the head of a party, but the King of a glorious nation. To be sure a great many people must be removed from their posts: the Tories themselves can't expect it should be otherwise; and it would be the highest ingratitude not to reward several gentlemen, who have borne the heat of the day, and run all hazards for the house of Hanover; yet at the same time, if his Majesty will take my advice, there shall be no cruelties, no barbarities committed; every worthless fellow that has called himself a Whig, got drunk, and bawled at an election, shall not displace a man of ten times his own merit, only because he is a reputed Tory.

I think I know that party; some of them did mean to elevate the Pretender; but yet there are others among them, that are as worthy men as ever lived. It is time the nation should be united; we shall then, indeed, be a formidable people. I hope this glorious work has been reserved by providence for the reign of his present Majesty. I have told you already, that I do not propose to lay up a farthing out of the present profits of my post. I design to live in such a manner, as I hope shall be no dishonour to my master; and will, if possible, put an end to the scandalous practice of buying places. I am firmly resolved to recommend no man for a post in the government but such an one as I believe to be a man of merit, and who will be a credit to his country and his King. As for you, Addison, as soon as I have got the staff myself, I intend to recommend you to his Majesty for one of his Secretaries of State."

Mr. Addison told his Lordship, that he did not aim at so high a post; and desired him to remember he was not a speaker of the House of Commons. Lord Hallifax briskly replied, "Come, prithee, Addison, no unseasonable modesty: I made thee Secretary to the Regency with this very view: thou hast now the best right of any man in England to be Secretary of State; nay, it will be
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a sort of displacing thee not to make thee so. If thou couldst but get over that silly sheepishness of thine, that makes thee sit in the house and hear a fellow prate for half an hour together, who has not a tenth part of thy good sense, I should be glad to see it; but since I believe it is impossible, we must contrive as well as we can. Thy pen has already been a credit to thy country, and I dare say will be a credit to thy King."

With these sentiments Lord Hallifax waited upon George the First at Greenwich, when he soon found that he had been a little too sanguine. Measures were taken very different from those which Lord Hallifax thought would have been most for the service of his King and Country.

ANECDOTE

O F

The LATE KING.

HIS Majesty once, on his return to England from his German dominions, having his carriage broke down between the Brill and Helvoetsluys, was obliged to stay at an obscure public-house on the road, whilst some of his servants went forward to order another carriage. The refreshment

freshment he had there, was a pot of coffee for himself and Lord Delawar, and four bottles of Hollands gin, made into punch, for the footmen: however, when the bill came to be called for, the honest Dutchman, knowing who he had under his roof, made out the following charge: "To refreshments for his Sacred Majesty King George the Second, and household, 91*£*." Lord Delawar was so provoked at such an imposition, that he could not forbear raising his voice so loud, that the King overheard him, and insisted upon knowing the particulars; which his Lordship had no sooner informed him of, than he very good-humouredly replied, "He is a very great rogue: however, my Lord, let him be paid: Kings seldom call this way."

ANECDOTE

OF

ANN, DUCHESS of ALBEMARLE,

WHO LIVED

In the REIGN of CHARLES II.

ANN CLARGES, Dutches of Albemarle, was the daughter of a Blacksmith, who gave her an education suitable to the employment she was

was bred to, which was that of a milliner. As the manners are generally formed early in life, she retained something of the smith's daughter, even at her highest elevation. She was first the mistress, afterwards the wife of General Monk; who had such an opinion of her understanding, that he often consulted her in the greatest emergencies. As she was a thorough Royalist, it is probable she had no inconsiderable share in the restoration.—She is supposed to have recommended several of the privy-counsellors in the list which the General presented to the King soon after his landing. It is more than probable that she carried on a very lucrative trade in selling of offices, which were generally filled by such as gave her most money. She was an implacable enemy to Lord Clarendon; and had so great an influence over her husband, as to prevail upon him to assist in the ruin of that great man, though he was one of his best friends. Indeed, the General was afraid to offend her, as she presently took fire, and her anger knew no bounds. She was a great mistress of all the low eloquence of abusive rage, and seldom failed to discharge a volley of curses against such as thoroughly provoked her. Nothing is more certain, than that the intrepid commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the fury of his wife.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

O F

The Celebrated Dr. GARTH.

WHILE Dr. Garth was detained in his chariot one day, in a little street near Covent Garden, in consequence of a bloody battle between two female bruifers, an old woman hobbled out of a cellar, and begged him for God's sake *to take a look* at her husband, who was *in a mortal bad way*; adding, " I know you are a sweet-tempered gentleman, as well as a *cute* Doctor, and therefore make bold to *ax* your advice, for which I shall be obliged to you as long as I live."

The Doctor, whose good nature was really equal to his medical knowledge, instead of being offended with the old woman's redundant address to him, quitted his chariot immediately, and followed her to her husband; but finding, by his appearance, that he wanted *food* more than *physic*, and having reason to believe, from the answers which they both returned to his questions, that they deserved his charity as much as they excited his compassion, sat down and wrote a draft on his banker for ten pounds.

A STORY

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A S T O R Y

O F

An ancient DUTCH SEAMAN,

R E L A T E D

By SIR WM. TEMPLE.

AMONG the many and various hospitals that are in every man's curiosity and talk that visits Holland, I was affected with none more than that of the aged seamen at Enchusyen, which is contrived, finished, and ordered, as if it were finished with a kind intention of some well-natured man, that those who had passed their lives in the hardships and incommodities of the sea, should find a retreat stored with all the ease and convenience that old age is capable of feeling and enjoying. And here I met with the only rich man I ever saw in my life: for one of these old seamen entertaining me a good while with the plain stories of his fifty years voyages and adventures, while I was viewing this hospital and the church adjoining, I gave him at parting, a piece of their coin, about the value of a crown. He took it smiling, and offered it me again; but when I refused it, he asked me what he should do with the money? I left him to overcome his modesty as he could; but a servant coming after me, saw him give it to a little girl that opened the church door,

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as she passed by him, which made me reflect upon the fantastic calculation of riches and poverty that is in the world, by which a man that wants a million is a prince, he that wants but a groat is a beggar; and this was a poor man that wanted nothing at all.

ANECDOTE

O F

LORD GEORGE GERMAINE.

LORD George Germaine, through the application of some of his relations, procured a living for a gentleman whom he had not the honour of knowing. For this civility, the gentleman waited on his Lordship to return him thanks. His Lordship being inclined to make his situation as easy as possible, acquainted him, that since he had procured the living, a second of equal value was within his gift, and he begged to recommend it to him in preference to the other, which was unluckily situated close to a *powder-mill*. The young parson, desiring to express a sense of his gratitude, and also to give his Lordship a specimen of his wit, unfortunately answered, *that he was much obliged to his Lordship for this second mark*
of

of his favour, for he had as great an aversion to powder as Lord George Sackville.—His Lordship, unruffled, replied, with the highest courtesy, *In that particular, Sir, you may find, upon more mature consideration, that common fame has deceived you, without ever betraying to the flippant priest, that Lord George Germaine had been Lord George Sackville.*

A N E C D O T E
OF THE
MARQUIS OF ORMOND.

WHILE the Marquis resided in France, after the unfortunate defeat of Charles II. at Worcester, his finances were in a very disorderly condition; the King was unable to assist him, and the Parliament had seized all his estates. In these distressful circumstances the Nobility of France shewed him great civilities, and invited him to spend some time at their country seats: among the rest a nobleman of great quality carried him to his house at St. Germain, in Laye, where he entertained him, for some time, in a manner perfectly suitable to his own rank and that of his guest. At his coming away, the Marquis, in compliance

pliance with a very inconvenient English custom, left with the maitre d'hotel ten pistoles to be distributed amongst the servants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get more when he reached Paris. As he was on the road ruminating on this melancholy circumstance, and contriving how to raise a small supply for the present use, he was surprized at being told by his servant, that the nobleman at whose house he had been entertained, was driving furiously behind him on the road, as if he was desirous of overtaking him. It seems, the Marquis had scarce left St. Germain's, when the distribution of the money he had given, caused a great disturbance among the servants, who exalting their own services and attendance, complained of the maitre d'hotel's partiality. The nobleman hearing an unusual noise among his family, and upon enquiring into the matter, discovered the real cause, took the ten pistoles himself, and causing horses to be put immediately to his chariot, made all the haste possible after the Marquis of Ormond. The Marquis, upon his coming up, alighted from his horse, while the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and respect; but was strangely surprized to find a coldness in the nobleman, which forbid all embraces, till he had received satisfaction in a point which had given him

him great offence. He asked the Marquis if he had any reason to complain of any disrespect he had met with in the too mean, but friendly entertainment which his house afforded? and being answered by the Marquis that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never passed so many days more agreeably in his life; and could but wonder why the other could suspect the contrary. The nobleman then told him, that the leaving ten pistoles to be distributed among the servants, was treating his house as an inn, and was therefore the greatest affront that could be offered to a man of quality; that he paid his own servants well, and had hired them to wait on his friends as well as himself; that he considered him as a stranger that might be unacquainted with the customs of France, and commit the error from some practice deemed less dishonourable in his own country, otherwise his resentment would have prevented expostulation; but as the case stood, after having explained the nature of the affair, he must either redress the mistake by receiving back the ten pistoles, or give him the usual satisfaction of men of honour from an avowed affront: the Marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with less anxiety about his subsistence.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

Concerning QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A CARTER had three times been at Windsor with his cart to carry away, upon summons of a removal from thence, some part of the stuff of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe; and when he had repaired thither once, twice, and the third time, and they of the wardrobe told him the third time, that the removal held not, the Queen having changed her mind, the carter, clapping his hand on his thigh, said, *Now I see that the Queen is a woman as well as my wife*; which words being overheard by her Majesty, who then stood at the window, she said, *What a villain is this?* and so sent him three angels to stop his mouth.

IMMORTALITY

The DOCTRINE of Christianity.

AS the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is the basis of the *Christian religion*, and of the utmost importance to us whilst here; so it is also a doctrine delightful to contemplate by every religious mind. And herein the Christian religion discovers its superior excellence and perfection, by exhibiting this doctrine, and giving mankind
a rational

a rational ground of hope that they were formed for an eternal existence in another world.

If we examine those accounts which the most authentic historians have transmitted to us, concerning the early ages of mankind, it appears that the doctrine of the soul's immortality was not known; nor in the general but little expected: And amongst those who carried their researches beyond the rest of their cotemporaries, it was only guessed at, or at most held as a very doubtful point. So little could the strongest exertion of their reason, as men, inform them respecting the nature, properties, and duration of spirits, that those researches were generally terminated by representing it as only an opinion incapable of proof, and supported by nothing more than a bare probability.

It is true they could find no absolute proof to the contrary; and therefore, the most sanguine amongst them rather wished than believed that after the dissolution of their mortal frame, there might be another state of existence. But we find that this apprehension was so weak, or restricted within such narrow limits, that it was not considered as any motive to human actions, or conducive to the purposes of virtue and religion.

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If we examine the sacred records of the Old Testament, we find the generality of mankind, in those early ages, were almost totally destitute of this apprehension, nor did the patriarchs themselves seem to entertain any idea of a future state. Their hopes and fears were apparently terminated by the enjoyments and sufferings of the present life, nor did they look for another.

And if we examine the Mosaic Law, with the most scrupulous attention, I do not recollect any clear intimations thereof being given to the Jews.

Although it pleased infinite wisdom to communicate the *moral law* to them, in the tables of stone from the sacred mount; and the *ceremonial law* was afterwards delivered to them by the lip of Moses; yet we find all the sanctions with which these laws were guarded, had an immediate relation to the happiness or unhappiness of the present state of being.

When the succeeding prophets preached the doctrine of universal righteousness, in the name of God, to the revolting tribes of Israel and Judah, they confined themselves within the same contracted limits.

When Moses exhorted the people in the wilderness to fulfil the neglected duties of the Horeb covenant,

covenant, he promised them, not the rewards of immortality and eternal life, but that they should "overcome the Heathens around them and possess in peace the land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey." He also threatens them, that if they swerved from the true worship of the God of their fathers, they should be overcome by their enemies, and their carcases should fall in the wilderness, and that they should never inherit the promised land. We also find, that after they were established in the land, and by their frequent transgressions had incurred the divine displeasure, the succeeding prophets threatened them, in the name of the Lord, with the calamity of war and captivity. They were frequently told, that unless they repented and amended their doings, "their houses should become desolate, and their inheritance taken from them by the Heathens; that their wives and their children should be slain before their faces, and the land become desolate, &c. &c." but in neither case do we find the least intimation of any future state of existence.

Even Solomon himself, who was reputed the wisest among the sons of men, appears to be of a contrary opinion. After having explored the material world, and the whole scene of the lower creation; after having investigated the nature of

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every rank of sensitive beings, and the highest perfections of which the human race are capable, he declares the result of his judgment in the following expressions: "For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other, yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence over a beast; for all is vanity, and all go to one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

But when this universal darkness began to vanish, and the resplendent lustre of the gospel-day broke forth, then was the doctrine of life and immortality brought to light with the most glorious certainty; and we find our blessed Saviour, and the apostles under his immediate influence, proclaiming the joyful tidings to a world that had long sat in darkness, and in the regions and shadow of death. At this period, the religion of nature was republished with additional illustrations, the moral law was exhibited without that veil of carnal ordinances, which heretofore rendered it imperfect, and was guarded by the dreadful, yet pleasing sanctions of rewards and punishments. Every social, every relative, and every religious duty was pointed out with circumstantial precision; and the motives to virtue were strengthened by every support

port that the free agency of rational beings could admit of, or the severest trials could require.

It is therefore reasonable to conclude, that the woe pronounced by our Lord himself on the inhabitants of Chorazen and Bethsaida, will fall with equal weight on obstinate unbelievers in the present age: "Woe unto thee Chorazen and Bethsaida, for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago."

And by a parity of reason may we not conclude, that in the final hour of retribution, the iniquities of the heathen world will find an easier pardon from the righteous judge of quick and dead, than these, who continue to sin under the clearer discoveries, and more illustrious beams of the gospel day.

It will, therefore, be the highest wisdom to mankind, to consider the dreadful consequences of shutting their eyes against that light, by and through which life and immortality is manifested, and by that consideration to walk as becomes the children of the light and the day. This is an employment which best becomes the dignity of an immortal spirit, to consider its being and its end, and to reflect, that although the limits of terrestrial ex-

istence may be fixed in the succeeding hour, yet infinite is the extent of never ending ages. To the certainty of immortality and eternal life, the unassisted faculties of the human mind could never arrive, and therefore, the consideration of that subject was generally terminated with anxiety and the horrors of suspense. But when we are assured by the lip of divine veracity, that mankind were formed for the glorious purpose of an immortal residence in the celestial regions, it inspires the soul with the most exalted transports of gratitude, affection and joy.

To cultivate this gratitude and preserve this affection undiminished in our mind, will be the strongest incitements to a life of godliness and virtue; these, and these only, being the appointed means by which that excellent end can be attained.

Those who thus apply their hearts unto wisdom, and receive her instructions, she will cause to inherit substance, and fill their treasures with the durable riches of righteousness and peace. Such, however circumstanced in this world, have a rational foundation for a steadfast hope that they shall stand in their lot in the end of days. This hope will support in life, open a safe path through the thorny tracts of adversity, and prove stronger than
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than the bands of death: they will wait his arrival with pleasing expectation, and unshaken confidence, as a welcome messenger commissioned to strip off this mortal vesture of decay, and release the enraptured spirit to join its celestial kindred in the glorious realms of immortality and eternal life.

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment: but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

It has been objected, and it is to be feared with some reason, that female conversation is too frequently tinged with a censorious spirit, and that
 ladies

ladies are seldom apt to discover much tenderness for a fallen sister. No arguments can justify, no pleas extenuate it.

To insult over the miseries of an unhappy creature is inhuman, not to compassionate them is unchristian. The worthy part of the sex always expresses themselves humanely on the feelings of others, in proportion to their undeviating goodness, and by that gentle virtue are prompted to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate and wretched; it prevents us from retaliating injuries, and restrains us our severe judgments and angry passions.

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

WHEN a man of eloquence speaks or writes upon any subject, we are too ready to run into his sentiments, being sweetly and insensibly drawn by the smoothness of his harangue, and the pathetic power of his language. Rhetoric will varnish every error, so that it shall appear in the dress of truth, and put such ornaments upon vice, as to make it look like virtue. It is an art of wondrous and extensive influence; it often conceals, obscures, or overwhelms the truth; and places sometimes a gross falsehood in the most alluring

ing light. The decency of action, the music of the voice, the harmony of the periods, the beauty of the style, and all the engaging airs of the speaker, have often charmed the hearers into error, and persuaded them to approve whatsoever is proposed in so agreeable a manner. A large assembly stands exposed at once to the power of these prejudices, and imbibes them all. So Cicero and Demosthenes made the Romans and the Athenians believe almost whatever they pleased.

The best defence against both these dangers, is to learn the skill (as much as possible) of separating our thoughts and ideas from words and phrases, to judge of the things from their own natures, and in their natural or just relation to one another, abstracted from the use of language, and to maintain a steady and obstinate resolution, to hearken to nothing but truth, in whatsoever dress or style it appears.

ON CONSCIENCE,
RELATIVELY TO
The Wise Conduct of Providence,
IN PUNISHING GUILT.

CONSCIENCE is the law of the all-wise author of nature, written on our hearts, or properly

properly the application of this law, as it regards the judgments we should form of particular actions. It is like a censor noting and observing our actions, and therefore it has not undeservedly been called by some a portion of the virgin-soul, as not admitting the least blemish of prevarication. Hence good actions beget security in the conscience, but bad, cause anguish and vexation, which is better known by experience than explained by words: For, if it be painful to us to abide by the judgments of those we live with, and to put up with their reprehensions, it will be more so to be condemned by our own reason, and to carry about us so severe a judge of our actions: And thus it is that conscience performs the functions both of a witness and judge, when it reprimands us for having done amiss, as Juvenal says:

But why must those be thought to 'scape, who feel
Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,
Which conscience shakes, when she with rage
controuls,

And spreads amazing terrors thro' their souls?
Nor sharp revenge, nor hell itself, confin'd
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;
Which day and night does dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

Many instances might be given of the wonderful force of those inward compunctions and horrors,

rors, that sometimes possess a guilty mind, and are awakened there by the most unexpected circumstances. When these at once let loose upon the unhappy patient, the beloved associations of interest, power, and pleasure, burst asunder like bubbles of air, the whole scene of his past life rises full to his view, and appears big with extravagance and frenzy; the base or wicked part he has acted, stares him in the face, nor can he find any relief from those stings of remorse that pierce his inmost frame, till he has disclosed his guilt, expelled the exorbitant passion, and become sensible to more worthy sentiments and affections.

Our acquaintance with history and the world, will suggest to us many examples of this kind, in which it must be confessed that the hand of the sovereign physician of nature is very conspicuous. One happened in a neighbouring state not many years ago:

“A jeweller, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had along with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount

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on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot: then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known: there he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and, in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration, so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect of his industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearances so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length, he was chosen chief Magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as a governor and a judge; 'till one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before them, who was accused of having murdered his master. The evidence came out full. The jury brought in their verdict

verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his colour changed often: At length he rose from his seat, and, coming down from the bench, placed himself just before the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which, this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal, than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly the ingratitude of it to a master, who had raised him from the very dust, and reposed a peculiar confidence in him: and told them in what manner he had hitherto screened himself from public justice, and how he had escaped the observation of mankind by the specious mask he had wore. "But now," added he, "no sooner did this unhappy prisoner appear before us, charged with the same crime I was conscious of myself, than the cruel circumstances of my guilt, beset me in all their horror:—the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, and my own crime appeared so

atrocious, that I could not consent to pass sentence against my fellow criminal, till I had first impanelled and accused myself; nor can I now feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice may be forthwith done against me, in the most public and solemn manner, for so aggravated a parricide.—Therefore, in the presence of the all-seeing God, the great witness and judge of my crime, and before this whole assembly, who have been the witnesses of my hypocrisy, I plead guilty, and require sentence may be passed against me as a most notorious malefactor.” We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him; and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind. An exemplary instance of the fatal effects of an exorbitant passion; and of the tremendous justice of providence, in detecting one of the most cool and artful villains, after so long a concealment.



A N E C D O T E
OF THE
LATE GENERAL GANSEL'S
PROMOTION.

MANY years ago the late King had a violent pain in his thumb, which, after many ineffectual experiments, made by the state physicians, was consigned over to Dr. Ward, who was at that time in great vogue with the public. Previous to Ward's admission to the royal presence, he had minutely acquainted himself with the disorder, and had prepared himself with a particular nostrum, which he had concealed in the hollow of his hand. When he was introduced, he begged his Majesty would permit him to look at his hand; which the King complied with; when Ward gave him such a sudden wrench, that the King called him a rascal, and at the same time gave him a kick on the shins. Ward bore all this patiently, till finding him a little cool, he desired him to stir his thumb, which he did to his very great surprize, without the least pain whatever. The King was so transported with this sudden relief, that he called him his *Æsculapius*, made him sit down in his presence, and insisted upon knowing how he could serve him. Ward replied, that he thought the honour and pleasure he received in giving him ease was sufficient;

sufficient; but that since his Majesty was so obliging, he told him he had a nephew (meaning the late General Gansel) who was unprovided for, and any favour granted him, he should consider as bestowed on himself. The King, after first insisting on himself accepting a state coach, immediately sent his nephew a pair of colours in the Guards, and by degrees made him a Lieutenant General.

UNNATURAL BROTHER.

UPON the death of Selimus the second, which happened in the year 1582, Amurah the third succeeded in the Turkish empire; at his entrance upon which he caused his five brothers, Mustapha, Solymon, Abdalla, Osman, and Sinagar, without pity or commiseration, to be strangled in his presence, and gave orders that they should be buried with his dead father, an ordinary thing with Mahometan princes, who, to secure to themselves the empire without rivalry, stick not to pollute their hands with the blood of their nearest relations. It is said of this Amurah, when he saw the fatal bow-string put about the neck of his younger brother, that he was seen to weep, but it seems they were crocodile tears, for he held firmly to his bloody purpose.

A THOUGHT

A THOUGHT
ON
FIRST WAKING.

TO God, who guards me all the night,
Be honour, love, and praise;
To God, who sheds the morning light,
And gives me length of days.

His pow'r first call'd us forth from nought,
Inspir'd the vital flame;
And with amazing wisdom wrought
The whole material frame.

He gave the soul its heav'nly birth,
He, by his word divine,
Prepar'd the fit enclosing earth,
And bade them both combine.

Strange, that a pure, immortal mind,
A bright celestial ray,
Should be with frailest nature join'd,
And mixt with common clay!

O! wond'rous union, so compos'd,
That none can understand;
'Tis such as evidently shews,
Th' Almighty Maker's hand.

INSTANCES

INSTANCES
OF
PRESENCE OF MIND.

PRESENCE of mind may be defined, ‘a readiness to turn to good account the occasions for speaking or acting.’ It is an advantage that has often been wanting to men of the most accomplished knowledge. Presence of mind requires an easy wit, a proper share of cool reflection, a practice in business, an intuitive view according to different occurrences, memory, and sagacity in disputation, security in danger, and, in the world, that liberty of heart which makes us attentive to all that passes, and keeps us in a condition to profit by every thing. The Caliph Hégiage, the horror and dread of his people, on account of his cruelties, was often wont to traverse incog. the extensive provinces of his empire without attendants, or any mark of distinction. He meets with an Arab of the desert, and after some discourse with him, ‘Friend, said he, I would be glad to know, from you, what sort of a man this Hégiage is, there is so much talk about?’ Hégiage; answered the Arab, is not a man, but a tyger, a monster!—What is laid to his charge?—A multitude of crimes: he has drenched himself in the blood of more than a million of his subjects.—

Have

Have you ever seen him? No! well then! look up: it is the very man to whom you speak! The Arab, without shewing the least surprise, looked stedfastly at, and said haughtily to him, 'and you, do you know who I am?'—No! I belong to the family of Zobair, every one of whose descendants becomes a fool once a year; this is my day. Hegiage smiled at so ingenious an excuse, and pardoned him.

A Gascon officer, in the French army, was speaking pretty loud to one of his comrades: as he was leaving him, with an important tone of voice, 'I am going to dine with Villars.' Marshal Villars, who then happened to be standing behind this officer said to him mildly, 'On account of my rank of General, and not on account of my merit, you should have said Mr. Villars.' The Gascon, who little imagined he was so near the General, replied, without appearing the least astonished: 'Well-a-day, nobody says Mr. Cæsar, and I thought nobody ought to say Mr. Villars.'

Presence of mind seems to be particularly necessary to a General of an army, not only for obviating accidents in the midst of an action, but also for effectually putting a stop to the disorders of a frightened army, or when it declines in duty, and is ripe for mutiny.

Ancient history mentions, that the army of Cyrus, in presence of that of Cræsus, took for an ill omen a loud clap of thunder. The impression did not escape the penetration of Cyrus, his genius immediately suggesting to him an interpretation of the presage, which spirited up his soldiery. 'Friends, said he, the heavens declare for us: let us march on to the enemy: I hear the cry of victory: we follow thee, O great Jupiter!'

Lucullus being ready to give battle to Tigranes, it was remonstrated to him, to dissuade him from it, that is was an unlucky day. 'So much the better, said he; we shall make it lucky by our victory.'

Gonsalvo of Corduba, a General of Ferdinand V. King of Arragon, happened, in an action, to see blown up, at the first discharge of the enemy, the powder magazine of the Spaniards. "My brave boys, cried he immediately to his soldiers, the victory is ours: for heaven tells us by this grand signal, that we shall have no further occasion for our artillery." This confidence of the General passed to the soldiers, and made them gain the victory.

The same General commanded, in 1502, the Spanish army in the Kingdom of Naples. The troops ill-paid and wanting necessaries, took up
arms

arms for the most part, and presented themselves before Gonsalvo, in order of battle, to demand their pay. One of the boldest of them urged the matter so far, as to level at him the point of his halbert. The general, not in the least dismayed, or even seeming to be surprized, laid hold of the soldier's arm, and affecting a gay and smiling air, as if it had only been in play, 'Take care, comrade, said he, that in fiddling with that weapon you do not wound me.' But the night following, when all was quiet, Gonsalvo had this seditious soldier put to death, and had him tied up to a window, where the whole army saw him exposed the next day. This example of severity recovered and confirmed the General's authority, which sedition had like to have overturned.

A REMARKABLE STORY
OF
KING OSMIN
AND BISHOP AIDAN.

KING OSMIN had given bishop Aidan a fine horse. Some time after the bishop happening to meet upon the road a poor man, who begged his charity, dismounted and gave him the horse, with its rich furniture. The King, on

A a a

hearing

hearing this, was displeased, and the next time the bishop came to dine with him, spoke to him in the following manner: "Why were you, my Lord, so prodigal of my favour, as to give away my pad to a beggar? If there was a necessity for setting him on horseback, could not you have furnished him with one of less value? or if he wanted any other relief, you might surely have taken some other method to supply his wants, and not have parted so easily with the present I made you."—To which the bishop replied, "Your Majesty seems to have considered the matter very imperfectly; for otherwise I am very certain you would not set a greater value on the son of a mare, than on a son of a god." Upon this nothing more passed on the subject, and they sat down to dinner. Not long after the King returning from hunting, when the bishop was at court, and remembering what had passed between them, laid by his sword, and falling at the bishop's feet, desired he would not take amiss what he had formerly said about the pad. The bishop, greatly affected at seeing the King in that posture, raised him up, and requested he would never give himself any further trouble with regard to that affair, for that he himself had forgot it. The prelate's spirits were not, however, soon composed: he wept bitterly; and being asked the cause of his tears, replied, "I foresee

foresee that Osmin's life draws toward its period, for in my whole life I never saw so humble a Prince before. His soul is too heavenly to dwell long among us: indeed the nation does not deserve the blessing of such a governor." The bishop proved a true prophet, for the King was soon after treacherously slain; and in about a fortnight after Aidan himself resigned his breath; and as Bede expressed it, received the reward of his pious labours in heaven.

ANECDOTE.

ANTALCIDAS, a Spartan, being about to enter into the Priesthood, was asked by the Priest, what action worthy of renown he had performed during his life? He replied, "If I have performed any, the Gods themselves are acquainted with it."—How noble an instance of modesty! How exalted a notion of the Deity! and surely nothing can be more foolish than to imagine, by the commemoration of our actions, we recommend ourselves to the Deity, who, of whatever nature these actions may be, must have the clearest knowledge of their quality and worth.

TREACTHRY

(182)

TREACHERY

JUSTLY REWARDED :

An A N E C D O T E.

WHILST the Romans were besieging the city of Falisca, a School-Master contrived to lead the children of the principal men of the city into the Roman camp. The novelty of such a baseness surprized them, and they so much abhorred it, that immediately they ordered the arms of the traitor to be tied, gave each of the scholars rods, and bid them whip him back to the city, and return to their parents. They did so accordingly, and in so rigorous a manner, that the wretch died under their blows, as they entered the city. The generosity of the Romans touched the Faliscans so sensibly, that the next day, on honourable terms, they submitted themselves to the Romans,

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Lord Percy was with the army at Cork, previous to their departure for America, he observed a beautiful boy in the ranks as a cadet : he went up to him, asked his name, and his connections. The boy answered, " My Lord,

Lord, I am the son of an old officer, who after many years service both abroad and at home, is now a Captain in the Royal Hospital near Dublin; I am his third son, and my two elder brothers are now in the army." His Lordship, not in the usual mode of recommending the lad to his Majesty for the next vacant commission, but with a spirit, the inheritance of his noble family, instantly wrote to his agent, Sir William Montgomery, to lodge the money for an Ensigncy then to be sold in the fifth regiment, and to name this boy as the successor. The commission was signed accordingly; and at Bunker's-Hill, Brandywine, &c. his Lordship's Ensign behaved with a degree of courage that reflected honour on the regiment.

Of L I F E.

THERE is not a word in the English language more frequently used, nor more ambiguous in its meaning, than Life. We hear of persons being acquainted with life, enjoying life, having a taste for life. Misers, lovers, men of pleasure, business and ambition, appropriate it to themselves, and exclude the pretensions of all the world beside. They permit others to breathe, and move
and

and exist ; to live, is a peculiar privilege of their own. Even those who invert the course of nature, and never begin to wake 'till the season of repose, assume the name of fine spirits, possessed of the invaluable secret of improving life to the utmost, and intitled to treat the most respectable characters with contempt. Passion, education, and fancy, determine men to different pursuits, and pride is always ready to vindicate their choice. Hence it happens, that every station has had its friends and advocates; that some are charmed with the grandeur of a public scene, and others with the freedom and independence of obscurity; that some are happy only in courts, and others in desarts; that some look upon life as a ridiculous farce, and others as an agreeable tour, always presenting new prospects, pleasures, and adventures. If you will believe the philosopher, no gratification is so exquisite as the discovery of truth; and, if you credit the Epicure, no entertainment is like that of a luxurious table. All these various paths and characters of life, we ought freely to examine, that we may impartially pronounce upon the advantages and merits belonging to each. We ought not to content ourselves with looking upon the outward appearances of mankind, but enquire into the truth of their several pretensions to wisdom, honour, and happiness. We should consider human

man actions from their secret springs, pry into the recesses of the heart, and observe what is transacted in the green-room; which, as Mr. Bays thinks, makes a very considerable part of the plot.

According to the degrees of life which mankind seem to possess, they cannot be more justly divided than into the three classes of rational, animal, and vegetable. If all but the first were to be cancelled out of existence, what a proscription would there be of the human race! For none belong to that order, but those who consider the end pointed out by their frame and situation, and unite every passion and faculty in the pursuit of them; who fill some useful place in society, and direct their actions by well-examined and approved principles. In the second class, we may range all those who blindly follow the dictates of custom, and yield to the impression of every object round them, with any guide but sense, or any power but that of imitation. They can do as they are trained, glitter at public places, dress, visit, and go well thro' the artificial decorums of life, but cannot distinguish between its amusements and concerns. In a word, they have sensibility without sentiment, and vivacity without pleasure. The lowest in this scale are those who look upon themselves as made to consume the fruits of the ground, and have no other

sense but hunger and thirst. Their whole employment is to excite and gratify their appetites: their pleasure is insensibility, and the most distinguished periods of their lives, are the seasons of refreshment and rest; and, therefore, they may be compared to those vegetables which flourish or decay as the elements bestow or deny their influence.

The highest perfections of life is, that regular system of thinking and acting, which affords the compleatest gratifications to the mind and body, and produces most public and private happiness.

B O N M O T
O F
Dr. H E N N I K E R.

BEING in a private conversation with the late Earl of Chatham, his Lordship asked him, amongst other questions, how he defined Wit? "My Lord," said the Dr. "Wit is like what a pension would be, given by your Lordship to your humble Servant,—a good thing well applied."

AMOR AND OBEDIENTIA :

A MORAL TALE.

THE obstinacy of parents and friends often destroys the future happiness of young couples, who entertained a pleasing passion, and perhaps vowed eternal fidelity to each other, through the violence and compulsion too often used to separate them from all that is dear, on pretence of the inequality of the match, and, as they call it, befriending them by forcing a marriage into a higher station, though detestable to the party compelled, and for ever after rendering life a burthen, or perhaps occasioning some rash step whereby their ruin ensues.

It is much to be lamented that parents do not consider the imprudence of such a compulsion, as it is known to every one, that titles and honour, without love, can never render life happy in the marriage state; not admitting every imprudent connection, which two young heads may frame, but such only as are of age of maturity to judge for themselves.—The following authentic story of Amor and Obedientia will confirm the truth of the above assertion.

In a corporation town, in Cheshire, lived Amor and Obedientia. Amor was brought up under the

care of a friend, on whom he chiefly depended for a subsistence, as his own parents were not able to give him any fortune, having been lately reduced in the world. His fortune, therefore, depended upon his own abilities, and his behaviour towards his friend, (whom I shall call by the name of Sir Peter) who loved him as his own Son, and intended to dispose of him as such.

Obedientia was the daughter of an honest tradesman of the same place, a lady of surprising abilities, agreeable behaviour, and an enchanting person, and had received a very liberal education. In short, the young couple were made to please, and were the very model of happiness. Her fortune was but small, but her accomplishments made amends for that. Sir Peter intended Amor for a much greater fortune than Obedientia was possessed of.

The acquaintance of Amor and Obedientia began at a public diversion, about ten miles from home. Obedientia was there upon a visit for some time, at a friend's house, where Amor likewise went one day to see the diversions. They met by chance at this place, which was the first scene of their future intrigue. Amor never had any acquaintance with Obedientia before this time, tho' they lived both in one town, but had often heard
of

of her abilities, which he found perfectly true, as his heart was by this accidental acquaintance entirely her's. He was so much engaged, that he did not return home for two or three days; and when he did, he waited with the utmost impatience for the arrival of the fair keeper of his heart. He did not disclose his mind to her for some time, but gave evident marks thereof, which were agreeably returned.

Amor at first was afraid so charming a Lady as Obedientia was otherwise engaged, than to hearken to his solicitations, but soon found her attached to no one, though numbers were striving to gain her affections. He then ventured to disburthen his mind to her, which was received by evident marks of satisfaction. Things being in this train, he visited her constantly at her parent's, three or four times a day. He spent his evenings successively with her, and accompanied her to all the assemblies and diversions in the country. In short, he was never happy but when in her company. Their happiness was of too great moment to last long: they loved each other with equal affection; and nothing was wanting but their union to make them perfectly happy, which at that interval, was totally impossible for a number of years. The busy world saw with enmity the happiness

piners of this charming pair; and strove, by a number of schemes and fabulous stories, to destroy it.

Sir Peter, all this time, knew nothing of the connection, which Amor and Obedientia endeavoured by all means to conceal from him, as they well knew he would object against it, and the violence of his temper might thereby be their immediate separation. However, he perceived an alteration in the behaviour of Amor, and that he totally neglected his studies, which surprised him very much, as he could not tell the reason, 'till his ears were at last caught by the ill-natured stories then circulating about, which assuredly brought on a violent quarrel between Amor and his guardian, who insisted upon Amor's immediately leaving his house, or breaking off the connection with Obedientia; and persevered therein so much, that Amor was at last forced faithfully to promise to banish all thoughts of Obedientia, and never speak to her more.

He was obliged to submit to his fate, as he very well knew his fortune depended upon Sir Peter, and his non-compliance to his will, would be his certain and immediate ruin. The situation he was now in cannot be expressed. Deprived of his dear Obedientia, and the thoughts of the pleasure he
used

used to enjoy in her company, he was driven to despair. But how to disclose this sad tale to Obedientia, he was at a loss to determine: he, however, resolved to pay her a last and final visit, to communicate to her the cause of their separation, which he did, with as much fortitude and resolution as lay in his power.

No one can judge the sorrow that was painted on their countenances: the circumstances they were in is past the power of a pen to describe, and the tortures they suffered upon the occasion, were more than they could bear.

But when the time came that they must bid the last parting farewell, it is too affecting to express. Encircled in each others arms, and floods of tears flowing down their cheeks, with vows of eternal constancy passing and re-passing between them, their case was really deplorable: however, they at last tore themselves from each other, in a situation not to be described.

Amor continued several days in a state of stupefaction, insomuch that his health began perceptibly to impair. As for Obedientia, she was much in the same state; and a fortnight passed in this unhappy situation, 'till it was impossible to bear it
any

any longer, and Amor resolved upon a scheme, which he conjectured might produce some little happiness.

He entrusted an acquaintance, whom he believed his friend, laid his heart open to him, and begged his friendship to assist him in keeping a correspondence with Obedientia, by letters. He promised his sincerity, and pledged it by a solemn oath: a correspondence was thereby carried on for some time; at last they agreed upon a place of rendezvous, a little way out of town, to meet each other, and there to enjoy the happiness of each other's company in private, which they were deprived of in public.

Sir Peter never had the least suspicion of their clandestine meetings, as he put too much confidence in Amor, to believe he would deceive him; yet he saw his situation, but ascribed it to the sudden parting.

In this situation they did not continue long, before their happiness was again totally destroyed, through the perfidy of their friend, who was entrusted with the fatal secret. He proved a serpent in their breast, instead of a sincere friend, as they thought him to be: he was the instrument of accelerating their misfortunes, and their ruin, as afterwards ensued.

This

This person being an insinuating, sly man, took an opportunity, perhaps through interest, to inform Sir Peter of their correspondence, and of the clandestine meetings of the distressed pair.—Sir Peter could not easily believe it: upon which the traitor offered, at the next meeting of Amor and Obedientia, to lay the scene before his own eyes; which he actually did, by conducting him privately to the appointed place. Rage and revenge immediately took possession of the breast of Sir Peter; he flew to the loving couple, who were at that time at the highest pitch of happiness which their forbidden connection allowed them, and tore Amor from the arms of his charming Obedientia, and beat him before her eyes in a most inhuman manner; and, to compleat their ruin, absolutely insisted on Amor's never entering his doors any more. The entreaties and prayers of Amor and Obedientia were of no effect; and, after disowning all pretensions to Amor, he left them in a situation every humane breast must feel for. What was to be done in their present circumstances? They could not conceive any thing but that impending ruin lay before them: however, Amor resolved not to be the cause of Obedientia's ruin; he loved her to such excess, that to see the partner of his heart want, would be worse than a total separation; which, if they had married, would

have been the certain consequence; therefore, he resolved to run the risk of his own ruin, to preserve that of Obedientia; and under pretence of a short parting, he immediately set off for a seaport town, and entered a volunteer on board a man of war, in order to gain a fortune by some means, so as to set him and his fair Obedientia above the cares of life, or die in the attempt; persevering still rather to die than to reduce to want, by any rash step, one of the most amiable women in the universe; for he well knew the fortune Obedientia was likely to be possessed of, was too small to support them long. However, his fate was otherwise determined; for at an engagement at sea he was wounded, and soon after bravely died, fighting for his King and country: and thus ended the life of the faithful Amor, whose death was crowned with honour and virtue.

Obedientia knew nothing for some time of the fate of Amor, but was surprized at his long stay from her, and waited with the utmost impatience for his return. Being between hope and despair, divers thoughts alternately took possession of her mind, continually dreading some misfortune; when at last the shocking news of his death arrived, with the particulars of the former part of the above account, wrote in his own hand to an acquaintance,
and

and nearly at the same time a most pathetic letter to Obedientia, acquainting her with his resolutions, and professing the tenderest regard and sincere continuance thereof, 'till the time arrived that might render them happy; hoping he should have no reason to repent his constancy, by the fidelity of Obedientia; and concluded with begging she would make herself as happy in her present circumstance as she possibly could.

His death no sooner reached the ears of Obedientia, than she fainted away, and soon after fell into a high fever, in which she lingered for some time, continually raving on her dear Amor, and died soon after in the utmost agonies of death, bewailed by all her acquaintance, and leaving behind her a pattern of true love, and real virtue.

And thus ended the lives of those amiable persons, Amor and Obedientia, whose only fault was loving too well. Their last misfortunes were chiefly owing to a treacherous and dissembling friend. Their correspondence seems all along honourable, and their intention is supposed to be, to have kept on in the same secret connection, 'till a convenient season had interfered, that they might have been united in the nuptial bands, without incurring the displeasure of friends, or reducing themselves to a state of beggary.

EXHORTATION
AGAINST
EXCESSIVE SORROW.

LET not your thoughts dwell continually upon your distresses and afflictions. Suffer not the chambers of your soul to be ever hung round with dark and dismal ideas: chew not always the worm-wood and the gall; but remember the many temporal mercies you enjoy, and the rich treasures of grace in the gospel. Survey the immortal blessings of pardon of sin, and eternal life; the love of God, and the hope of heaven. Look sometimes on these brighter scenes; suffer not your sorrow to bury all your past and present comforts in darkness and oblivion. Thankfulness is one way to joy.

Remember, if you are a christian indeed, the springs of your grief cannot flow long, the hour of death will dry them all up. The last moment of this mortal life is a certain and final period to sorrow. converse much among the mansions and joys of the invisible world, and your hope which is laid up there: the very gleamings of that glory will brighten the darkest providences, and relieve the soul under its sharpest pains.

Compare your miseries with your sins, and then you will think them lighter. You will learn then
to

to bear your burdens with a more serene and peaceful mind, and turn your sorrows into repentance for sin. But, alas! we aggravate our sufferings, and extenuate and excuse our sins: whereas sufferings would appear lighter, if we did but consider how much heavier evils we have deserved from the hands of an holy and offended God.

O N T H E
VANITY of RICHES.

SE'EST thou, fond youth, yon precipice on high,
 Rob'd by the clouds, and turban'd by the sky,
 How low'ring darkly o'er the shadow'd plains,
 It strikes wild terror thro' the gazing swains?
 It's craggy fides can boast no fertile soil,
 No promis'd harvest tempts a rural toil;
 No grazing cattle find their pasture there,
 Nor fragrant flowers perfume the ambient air;
 No sweet-meand'ring current glides along,
 Courting the meadows with its murm'ring song;
 No shady bow'rs adorn its barren fides,
 Nor fair enclosure its rough ground divides;
 No lofty spires a wond'ring glance invite,
 Nor artful gardens tempt the distant sight.

All

All rough and wild, it rears its rocky head,
 And strikes the wond'ring eye with awful dread.
 From its high top impetuous torrents flow,
 Form'd by dissolving tracts of native snow;
 Sorrow sits brooding on its furrow'd face,
 And desolation triumphs o'er the place :
 Se'est thou all this, fond mortal? Think, if so,
 Thou se'est the bliss the vain ambitious know.
 Such are the barren pleasures they enjoy,
 For this alone whole ages they employ.
 They move our pity, tho' they tempt our fight,
 High above all, but wretched by their height.

D U T Y.

WHEN we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. But, when in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves.



ROYAL

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

AS an instance of the excellent manner in which the Royal children are educated, one instance is worthy of mention respecting their pocket money.—The younger ones have all a stated sum allowed, proportioned to their age; and the Queen requires them to give an account, how they dispose of it, when they receive a lecture, if a considerable portion is not bestowed in some commendable charity, that is free from ostentation.—Every one chuses how he will bestow his money. One of the little ones hearing a newspaper read, said to the Queen, “Mamma, I can’t think what a prison is?” Upon its being explained, and understanding that the prisoners were half-starved for want,—“That,” replied the child, “is very cruel, for the prison is bad enough without starving.—I will certainly give my charity in bread to poor prisoners;” which being ordered, was sent accordingly. Thus it is, that in the minutiae of education, principles of humanity and tenderness are instilled, which are much more likely to form the mind, than the most solemn arguments, and tedious reasonings.

RELAXATION.

RELAXATION.

AFTER the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being, seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than a desire to be pleased.

RELIGION.

THE spirit of true religion spreads gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour; it is social, kind and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirits, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this.

On the contrary, religion connects our preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the

the duties of active life. It is associated in the imagination with all that is lovely and useful; with whatsoever things are true, are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report; wherever there is any virtue, and wherever there is any praise.

Religion is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Our attention should be fixed on these, and not suffered to meddle with controversy: for there we are plunged into a chaos from which we never shall be able to extricate ourselves. It spoils the temper, and has no good effect on the heart.

All books, and all conversation that tend to shake our faith, on those great points of religion, which should serve to regulate our conduct, and on which our hopes of future and eternal happiness depend, should be avoided.

We should never indulge ourselves in ridicule on religious subjects, nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check. It is not necessary to go further than scripture for our religious opinions.

We

We should embrace those we find clearly revealed, and never perplex ourselves about such as we do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.

ON GOD.

WHAT tho' no object strike upon the sight,
Thy sacred presence is an inward light.

What tho' no sound shall penetrate the ear,
To list'ning faith the voice of truth is clear.

Sincere devotion wants no outward shrine,
The centre of an humble Soul is thine.

There may I worship, and there may'st thou raise
Thy seat of glory, and thy throne of grace;

Yea, fix, (if Christ my advocate appear)

The strict tribunal of thy justice there.

Let each vain thought, and each impure desire,
Meet in thy wrath with a consuming fire.

Thou too can'st raise (tho' punishing for sin)

The joys of peaceful penitence within;

Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet;

Thou mak'st our sufferings and salvation meet.

Befal me, then, whatever God shall please,

His wounds are healing, and his griefs give ease.

He is the true physician of the soul,

Applies the med'cine that can make it whole.

I'll

I'll do, I'll suffer, whatsoe'er he wills;
 I see his aim thro' all these transient ills:
 'Tis to insure a salutary grief,
 To fit the mind to absolute relief;
 'Till purg'd from ev'ry false and finite love,
 Dead to the world, alive to things above;
 The soul renew'd, as in its first form'd youth,
 Shall worship God in spirit and in truth.

Against Indulging
 IMPROPER CURIOSITY.

RESTRAIN your needless curiosity, and all solicitous enquiries into things which were better unknown. How many plentiful springs of fear, sorrow, anger, and hatred have been found out and broken up by this laborious digging? Have-a-care of an over curious search into such things as might have safely remained for ever secret, and the ignorance of them had prevented many foolish and hurtful passions. A fond solicitude to know all that our friends or our foes say of us, is often recompensed with vexing disquietudes and anguish of soul.

LOVE.

L O V E.

WHAT is commonly called LOVE amongst the women, is rather gratitude and partiality to the man who prefers any individual to the rest of the sex; such a man she often marries with little of either personal esteem or affection. Indeed, without an unusual share of sensibility, and very peculiar good fortune, a woman in this country has very little probability of marrying for love. For love is not to begin on the part of the female, but entirely to be the consequence of a man's attachment to her. Nature has therefore as wisely as benevolently assigned to the tender sex, a greater flexibility of taste on this subject.

Some agreeable qualities recommend a gentleman to common good liking, and friendship. In the course of acquaintance, he contracts an attachment. When a woman perceives it, it excites her gratitude; this rises into preference, perhaps, at last advances to some degree of attachment, especially if it meets with crosses and difficulties; for these, and a state of suspense are very great incitements to attachment, and are the food of love in both sexes.

The effects of love among men are diversified by their different tempers. An artful man may counterfeit

counterfeit every one of them so as easily to impose on a young girl of an open, generous, and feeling heart, if she is not extremely on her guard. The finest parts of such a girl may not always prove sufficient for her security. The dark and crooked paths of cunning are unsearchable, and inconceivable to an honourable and elevated mind.

Superstition and Enthusiasm.

SUPERSTITION and Enthusiasm are two capital sources of delusion. Superstition on the one hand, attaching men with immoderate zeal to the ritual and external part of religion; Enthusiasm, on the other, directing their whole attention to internal emotions, and mystical communications with the spiritual world; while neither the one nor the other has paid sufficient regard to the great moral duties of the christian life. Indeed, the horror of Superstition has sometimes reached so far, as to produce contempt for all external institutions, whilst persons of a devout turn, being carried by warm affections at times into unjustifiable excesses, have thence made many conclude, that all devotion was a-kin to enthusiasm.

ENTRANCE

ENTRANCE
UPON
The WORLD.

CURINO was a young man brought up to a reputable trade; the term of his apprenticeship was almost expired, and he was contriving how he might venture into the world with safety, and pursue business with success. Among his near kindred, Serenus was one, a gentleman of considerable character in the sacred profession; and, after he had consulted with his father, who was a merchant of great esteem and experience, he also thought fit to seek a word of advice from the divine. Serenus had such a respect for his young kinsman, that he set his thoughts at work on this subject, and with some tender expressions, which melted the youth into tears, he put into his hand a paper of his best counsels. Curino entered upon business, pursued his employments with uncommon advantage, and under the blessing of heaven advanced himself to a considerable estate. He lived with honour in the world, and gave a lustre to the religion which he professed; and, after a long life of piety and usefulness, he died with a sacred composure of soul, under the influences of the christian hope. Some of his neighbours wondered at his felicity in this world, joined with so much

much innocence, and such severe virtue. But after his death, this paper was found in his closet, which was drawn up by his kinsman in holy orders, and was supposed to have a large share in procuring his happiness.

ANECDOTE.

THE method which King Sigar took of gaining the affections of Avilda, daughter to the King of Gothland, was somewhat uncommon. This lady, contrary to the manners and disposition of her sex, exercised the profession of piracy, and was scouring the seas with a powerful fleet, while a foreign prince was offering sacrifices to her beauty at the shrine of love. Perceiving that this masculine lady was not to be gained by the usual arts of lovers, Sigar took the extraordinary resolution of addressing her in a method more agreeable to her humour. He fitted out a fleet, went in quest of her, and engaged her in a furious battle, which continued two days without intermission: thus gaining possession of a heart, to be conquered only by valour.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE
OF THE
Late JONAS HANWAY, Esq.

DURING the progress of the bill which he introduced into the house of Commons, for the regulation of the infant parish-poor, he was obliged to be incessantly going about to the members of the clerks, and to bring down his evidences; for he was his own solicitor. His coachman, which had not the same motives to soften his fatigue, which his master felt, after driving him about from dawn 'till near the evening, was stopped in the Strand, in their way to the Parliament house, by a crowd of carriages. The old gentleman, full of the great object then on his hands, and impatient of the least delay, put his head through the window of his carriage, and began to rate his Coachman for not getting on; called him blockhead, fool, &c. and directed him how to drive, to extricate himself from the crowd. Upon which, the fellow descended from the box, with great seeming composure, and said, "If you think you can drive better than I can, you may drive yourself." He accordingly came home, and brought his whip with him. The carriage was driven home by a Porter; and Mr. Hanway pursued his way on foot.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

O F

Dr. J O H N S O N.

A GENTLEMAN observing to the Doctor, that there was less vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and as a proof of it, said there was no instance of a beggar dying in the streets there. "I believe you are very right, Sir, says Johnson, but that does not arise from the want of vagrants, *but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman.*"

O F T H E

FORCE and BENEFIT

O F A

G O O D E X A M P L E.

THE way to love our fellow-creatures, is to wish them all the good we think conducive to their happiness, and to procure it for them, if in our power. As nothing is more conducive to happiness than virtue, the first and most important duty of society, is to display it in its full lustre to those who surround us, in order to make them fall in love with it. Now, example is the most pro-

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per means to produce this effect, and frequently it is the only one in our power. Every man cannot compose books, preach sermons, or make laws; besides, these are only lifeless pictures, which seldom touch the heart; and exhibit only imperfect and mutilated representations of virtue. The pen, and even the tongue itself, like the pencil, paint only the surface of objects; and of this surface they represent no more than can be perceived at one view, and one attitude: they cannot animate the figure. Example is a living picture, which represents virtue in action, and communicates the impression that moves it to the heart of every spectator.—Now every one is capable of giving an example of virtue, since nothing more is requisite than to act uniformly the honest man.

Let us leave all curious and useless speculation, and admire the Divine Wisdom; which of all the means capable of contributing to purity of morals, has invested all men with that which is known to produce the most certain effect. Some, indeed, contribute more than others; but every one is capable of contributing in some degree. There is a radiancy in all the stars, but they have not all objects of equal dimensions. It is the same in respect to examples of virtue; each, in the circle he occupies, illuminates and vivifies whatever approaches him.

A CLERICAL

A C L E R I C A L
BON MOT.

A FARMER riding with a licentious Divine, when the discourse turned upon personal reformation, asked him, how he thought his directions to his flock could ever be effectual, as it was plain, from his own conduct, that he made no progress in the way himself?

“Not the less for that,” replied the parson, “Don’t you see that hand post? It never goes to the place it points to, but it is effectual in directing others.”

“Certainly,” replied the farmer.

“And besides,” said the divine, “if I was to be foremost in this journey, pray who is to take care of the hindmost of my flock?”

ANECDOTE

O F

The Late Lord Chatbam.

WHEN this great statesman had settled a plan for some sea expedition he had in view, he sent orders to Lord Anson to see the necessary arrangements

rangements taken immediately, and the number of ships required, properly fitted out by a given time. On the receipt of the orders, Mr. Cleveland was sent from the Admiralty to remonstrate on the impossibility of obeying them. He found his Lordship in the most excruciating pain, from one of the most severe fits of the gout he had ever experienced.—“Impossible, Sir,” said he, “don’t talk to me of impossibilities,” and then raising himself upon his legs, while the sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, and every fibre of his body was convulsed with agony, “Go, Sir, and tell his Lordship, that he has to do with a minister who actually treads on impossibilities.”

ON THE
VANITY of HUMAN LIFE.
 THE VISION OF MIRZA.

*“Oh! what is Life? that thoughtless Wish of all!
 “A Drop of Honey, in a Draught of Gall!”*

ON the fifth day of the Moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended up
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the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the top of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, Man is but a shadow, and Life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eye towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it.—The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. This puts me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their agonies, and to qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place.—My heart melted away in secret rapture. I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who hath passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked
upon

upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat: I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all my fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground; and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me. He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it: Cast thine eye Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou see'st. I see, said I, a huge Valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou see'st said he, is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou see'st, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou see'st said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness on both ends, and
tell

tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou see'st, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me, that this bridge at first consisted of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination perceived, there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell thro' them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

tire. There were indeed some persons, but their numbers were very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.— My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking upwards towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.— In this confusion of objects I observed some with scymetars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran too and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not thus been forced upon them. The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet see'st any thing
 thou

thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, these great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it, from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life. I here fetched a deep sigh; alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality; tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect.—Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity: but cast thine eye to that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it,

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insomuch

inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean, planted with innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them.—I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeas: But the genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of death, that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge.—The iſlands, ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſands on the ſea ſhore. There are myriads of iſlands beyond thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among thoſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees,

degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under these dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.

The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

Spectator No. 159



REPARTEE
OF A
YOUNG PRINCE.

HUNTING one day with his governor, he complained he was cold.—“Give me,” says he, “my cloak.”—‘My prince,’ replied the governor, ‘persons of your rank must not express themselves in the first person, like the inferior class of people, but in the plural, when it is relative to themselves; for this reason you should have said, Give *us our* cloak.’ Some time after, the prince was seized with a violent tooth-ache, of which he complained; but remembering well his lesson, cried out, “Ah! *our* teeth—*our* teeth!” To which the governor observed, *his* did not in the least suffer. “So I perceive,” replied the prince, who was much out of humour, “that the cloak is for *us both*, but the pain for *me alone*.”

MERCY.

THE merciful man will extend his hand of relief and comfort, as far as he may, to his fellow creatures, whether they labour under temporal or spiritual distress, whether they call for his pity from their sins or from their sorrows; while,
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in every relation of life, he will exercise this heavenly temper; as a magistrate, gentle and humane, however compelled, in certain cases, to be severely just; as a creditor, mild and forbearing, not flying hastily and rigorously to the utmost extremity, much less condemning the unhappy debtor to imprisonment, which may utterly incapacitate from all power and hope of payment; and in short, in every case exercising that lenity, mildness, forgiveness, and mercy, whereof the eternal God hath set us so bright an example; and all our expectation of which from him, he hath made to depend on our shewing the same to others: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

DEVOTION

IS the lively exercise of those affections which we owe to the supreme Being. It comprehends several emotions of the heart; which terminate in the same object: The chief of them are veneration, gratitude, desire, and resignation.

It implies first, profound veneration for God; that is, an affection compounded of awe and love: secondly, sincere gratitude for all his benefits; this is a warmer emotion than veneration; veneration
looks

looks up to the Deity as he is himself, gratitude regards what he is towards us: Thirdly, the desire of the soul after the supreme Being, as its chief good and final rest: And, fourthly, it advances to an entire resignation of the soul to God: it is the consummation of trust and hope; it banishes anxious cares and murmuring thoughts; it reconciles us to every appointment of Divine providence, and resolves every wish into the desire of pleasing him whom our hearts adore. It is one of the noblest acts of which the human mind is capable. It is a powerful principle which penetrates the soul, which purifies the affections from debasing attachments; and, by a fixed and steady regard to God, subdues every sinful passion, and forms the inclinations to piety and virtue.

It expresses the spirit which must animate all religious duties. It stands opposed not merely to downright vice, but to a heart which is cold and insensible to sacred things, and obeys the Divine commands without ardour, love and joy. It is rational and well-founded. It is of the highest importance to every other part of religion and virtue; and, in fine, is the most conducive to our happiness. It diffuses an auspicious influence over the whole of virtue. It is often found a powerful instrument in humanizing the manners of men,
and

and taming their unruly passions. It smoothenes what is rough, and softens what is fierce in our nature. It is the great purifier of the affections. It inspires contempt of the low gratifications belonging to animal life. It promotes a humble and cheerful contentment with our lot, and subdues the eager desire of riches and of power, which has filled this unhappy world with crimes and misery. The spirit of devotion is the gift of God: from his inspiration it proceeds; towards him it tends; and in his presence, hereafter, it shall attain its full perfection.

Exemplary Generosity.

WHEN the late Mr. Ross was compelled, from the changed appearance of his person, to relinquish the stage, he was for some time confined to severe distress. Improvident, like the generality of his brethren, he had made no provision for the future, and in this situation, an ill-paid annuity served rather to *tantalize* than to relieve. His wants, however, unavoidably disclosing themselves, he was one day surprised by an inclosure of a £60 note; the *envelope* containing only a mention that it came from an old school-fellow, and a direction to a banker, where
he

he was to receive the same sum annually.—This, which he afterwards found his most certain provision, was continued many years, and the donor was still unknown. The mystery was at length discovered through the inadvertence of the banker's clerk, and Ross, with infinite gratitude, found his benefactor in the person of ADMIRAL BARRINGTON.

Anecdote of a Man of Quality,

AND A

Reverend FRENCH BISHOP.

A NOBLEMAN advised a French Bishop to make an addition to his house, of a new wing in the modern stile. The Bishop immediately answered him: "The difference, my lord, that there is between your advice, and that which the Devil gave to our Saviour, is, that Satan advised Jesus to change the stones into bread, that the poor might be fed, and you desire me to turn the bread of the poor into stones."

CHARITABLE

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT

Of our Fellow-Creatures,

RECOMMENDED.

LET us take a survey of the world, and see what mixture there is of amiable and hateful qualities among the children of men. There is beauty and comeliness; there is vigour and vivacity; there is good humour and compassion, there is wit, and judgment, and industry, even amongst those that are profligate and abandoned to many vices. There is sobriety, and love, and honesty, and justice, and decency amongst men that know not God, and believe not the gospel of our Lord Jesus." There are very few of the sons and daughters of Adam, but are possessed of something good and agreeable, either by nature or acquirement; therefore when there is a necessary occasion to mention the vices of any man, I should not speak evil of him in the gross, nor heap reproaches on him by wholesale. It is very disingenuous to talk scandal in superlatives, as though every man who was a sinner, was a perfect villain, the very worst of men, all over hateful and abominable.

How sharply should our own thoughts reprove us, when we give our pride and malice a loose to ravage over all the characters of our neighbours,

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and

and deny all that is good concerning them, because they have something in them that is criminal and worthy of blame! Thus our judgment is abused by our passions; and sometimes this folly reigns in us to such a degree, that we can hardly allow a man to be wise or ingenuous, to have a grain of good sense, or good humour, that is not of our profession, or our party, in matters of church or state. Let us look back upon our conduct, and blush to think that we should indulge such prejudices, such sinful partiality.

HENRY VANE.

HENRY VANE possessed abilities of the first rate, and an extensive knowledge of mankind. In his youth he was much addicted to company, and promised little to business; but in reading a book called the Signs of a Godly Man, and being convicted in himself that they were just, but that he had no share in any of them, he fell into that extreme anguish and horror, that for some days and nights, he took little food or rest, which at once dissolved his old friendships, and made those impressions and resolutions to religion, that neither university, courts, princes nor parents, nor any losses or disappointments that threatened his new course

course of life, could weaken or alter. And though this laid him under some disadvantages for a time, his great integrity and abilities quickly broke through that obscurity; so that those of very different sentiments did not only admire, but very often desired him to accept the most eminent negotiations of his country, which he served, according to his own principles, with great success, and a remarkable self denial. This great man's maxim was, "Religion was the best master, and the best friend; for it made men wise and would never leave them that never left it," which he found true in himself; for as it made him wiser than those that had been his teachers, so it made him firmer than any hero, having something more than nature to support him; which was the judgment as well of foreigners, as others, that had the curiosity to see him die. Making good some meditations of his own, viz. 'The day of death is the judge of all our other days; the very trial and touch-stone of the actions of our lives. It is the end that crowns the work, and a good death honoureth a man's whole life. The fading corruptions and loss of this life, is the passage into a better. Death is no less essential to us, than to live, or to be born. In flying death, thou fleest thyself; thy essence is equally parted into these two; life and death. It is no small reproach to a christian,

whose faith is in immortality, and the blessedness of another life, to fear death much, which is the necessary passage thereunto.'

ANECDOTE
OF
V O L T A I R E.

THE present Empress of Russia once sent this celebrated genius a little ivory box made by her own hands. Voltaire, upon this, got his niece to instruct him in knitting stockings, and actually half finished a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired. In this unfinished state he sent them to the Empress, with a charming poetical epistle, replete with gallantry, in which he told her, that as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship, wrought by a woman, he thought it his duty to crave her acceptance in return, of a piece of woman's work, from the hands of a man.



HERVEY,

HERVEY, when on a SICK BED,
TO A FRIEND.

MY health is continually upon the decline, and the springs of life are all relaxing. My age is removing, and departing from me as a shepherd's tent. Medicine is baffled; and my physician, Dr. Stonehouse, who is a dear friend to his patient, and a lover of the Lord Jesus, pities, but cannot succour me. Now I apprehend myself near the close of life, and stand, as it were, on the brink of the grave, with eternity full in my view, perhaps my dear friend would be willing to know my sentiments in this awful situation. At such a juncture the mind is most unprejudiced, and the judgment not so liable to be dazzled by the glitter of worldly objects.

I have been too fond of reading every thing valuable and elegant that has been penned in our own language, and been peculiarly charmed with the historians, orators, and poets of antiquity; but was I to renew my studies, I would take leave of those accomplished trifles; I would resign the delights of modern wits, amusements and eloquence, and devote my attention to the scriptures of truth. I would sit with much greater assiduity at my Divine Master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

SINCERITY

SINCERITY.

SINCERITY is the basis of every virtue. The love of truth, as we value the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, should be cultivated. In all our proceedings it will make us direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing.

The path of truth is a plain and safe path. It supplies us with an openness of character, which displays a generous boldness necessary to distinguish youth. To give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage which cannot be obtained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and stoop to no dissimulation, are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life.

At the same time, this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of the weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE
OF
SIR RICHARD STEELE,
And Mr. SAVAGE.

SIR RICHARD desired Mr. Savage to come very early to his house one morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, or whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprized at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet,

pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr. Savage then imagined his task over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer the new production to sale for two guineas, which, with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION:

Paraphrased from XENOPHON.

TWO brothers, named Chærephon and Chærecrates, had quarrelled with each other, when Socrates, being acquainted with them, was solicitous to restore their amity. Meeting, therefore, with Chærecrates, he thus accosted him. "Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, the greatest enhancement of the blessings of prosperity?" "Certainly it is," replied Chærecrates; "because our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased by sympathetic participation."

"Amongst

“ Amongst whom, then, must we look for a friend?” said Socrates. “ Would you search amongst strangers? they cannot be interested about you: Amongst your rivals? they have an interest in opposition to yours: Amongst those, who are much older or younger than yourself? their feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours. Are there not, then, some circumstances favourable, and others essential to the constitution of friendship?” “ Undoubtedly there are,” answered Chærecrates. “ May we not enumerate,” continued Socrates, “ amongst the circumstances favourable to friendship, long acquaintance, common connections, similitude of age, and union of interest?” “ I acknowledge,” said Chærecrates, “ the powerful influence of those circumstances: But they may subsist, and yet others be wanting, that are essential to mutual amity.” “ And what,” said Socrates, “ are those essentials, which are wanting in Chærephon?” “ He has forfeited my esteem and attachment,” answered Chærecrates. “ And has he also forfeited the esteem and attachment of the rest of mankind?” continued Socrates. “ Is he devoid of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and other social affections?” “ The Gods forbid!” cried Chærecrates, “ that I should lay such a heavy charge upon him! His conduct to others, I believe is irreproachable; and it wounds me the

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more,

more, that he should single me out as the object of his unkindness." " Suppose you have a very valuable horse," resumed Socrates, " gentle under the treatment of others, but ungovernable, when you attempt to use him; would you not endeavour, by all means, to conciliate his affection, and to treat him in the way most likely to render him tractable? Or if you have a dog, highly prized for his fidelity, watchfulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond of your shepherds, and playful with them, and yet snarls whenever you come in his way; would you attempt to cure him of this fault by angry looks, or words, or any other marks of resentment? You would surely pursue an opposite course with him. And is not the friendship of a brother of far more worth, than the services of a horse, or the attachment of a dog? Why then do you delay to put in practice those means, which may reconcile you to Chærephon?" " Acquaint me with those means," answered Chærekrates, " for I am a stranger to them." " Answer me a few questions," said Socrates. " If you desire, that one of your neighbours should invite you to his feast, when he offers a sacrifice, what course would you take?"—" I would first invite him to mine." " And how would you induce him to take the charge of your affairs, when you are on a journey?"—" I should be

be forward to do the same good office to him, in his absence." "If you be solicitous to remove a prejudice, which he may have conceived against you, how would you then behave towards him?"—"I should endeavour to convince him, by my looks, words, and actions, that such prejudice was ill-founded."—"And if he appeared inclined to reconciliation, would you reproach him with the injustice he had done you?"—"No," answered Chærecrates, "I would repeat no grievances." "Go," said Socrates, "and pursue that conduct towards your brother, which you would practice to a neighbour. His friendship is of inestimable worth, and nothing is more delightful to the gods, than for brethren to dwell together in unity."

T R U E
ELEVATION OF MIND DISPLAYED,

I N
Condescension and Humanity.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY was one of the brightest ornaments of Queen Elizabeth's court. In early youth he discovered the strongest marks of genius and understanding. Sir Fulk Greville,

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Lord

Lord Brook, who was his intimate friend, and who has written an account of his life, says, "Though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk was ever of knowledge; and his very play tended to enrich his mind."

He was an active supporter of the cause of liberty, in the Low Countries, where he had a command, under his uncle, the earl of Leicester, general of the English forces employed against the tyrant Philip II. of Spain. In the battle near Zutphen, he displayed the most undaunted and enterprising courage. He had two horses killed under him; and whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half, on horseback, to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst, through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought to him; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sydney took the bottle from his mouth, just when

when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "*Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*" Sir Philip was conveyed to Arnheim, and attended by the principal surgeons of the camp. During sixteen days, great hopes were entertained of his recovery; but the ball not being extracted, and a mortification ensuing, he prepared himself for death with the utmost piety and fortitude; and expired on the 17th of October, 1586, in the thirty-second year of his age. He is said to have taken leave of his brother in these affecting terms: "Love my memory; cherish my friends; their fidelity to me may assure you that they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections, by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world, with all her vanities."

ANECDOTE

O F

The late Mr. FORDYCE,

A BANKER.

WITH the foibles generally attendant upon an aspiring man, Fordyce had generous qualities. A young intelligent merchant, who kept

kept cash at his banking-house, one morning making a small lodgment, he happened to say in the shop, "that if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be pursued, which in all probability, would turn out fortunate." This was said loosely, without Fordyce's making any answer, or seeming to attend to it, and no more passed at the time.

A few months afterwards, when the same merchant was what they call *settling his book* with the house, he was very much surprised to see the sum of £500. placed to his credit side more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, said he must have paid it to him.

The merchant, however, knowing he had not, begged to see Mr. Fordyce, who appeared, and told him, "it was all right enough; for that as the hint he had a few months before thrown out in the shop, gained him above £5000. he thought him fairly entitled to the *tithe* of that sum.

S E L F

S E L F - L O V E.

YOUTH is wild and licentious. In those years, we persuade ourselves that we are only making a just use of liberty. In that scene of folly we are light and vain, and set no bounds to the frolick humour; yet we fancy it is merely an innocent gaiety of heart, which belongs to the springs of nature, and the blooming hours of life. In the age of manhood, a rugged or a haughty temper is angry or quarrelsome; the fretful and peevish in elder years, if not before, are ever kindling into passion and resentment; but they all agree to pronounce their furious or fretful conduct a mere necessary reproof of the indignities which were offered them by the world. Self-love is fruitful of fine names for its own iniquities.—Others are fordid and covetous to a shameful degree, uncompassionate and cruel to the miserable, and yet they take this vile practice to be only a just exercise of frugality, and a dutiful care of their own household. Thus, every vice that belongs to us, is construed into a virtue; and, if there are any shadows or appearances of virtue upon us, these poor appearances and shadows are magnified and realized into the divine qualities of an angel. We who pass these just censures on the follies

follies of our acquaintance, perhaps approve the very same things in ourselves, by the influence of the same native principle of flattery and self-fondness.

A N E C D O T E
O F
SIR THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN he was Lord Chancellor, he decreed a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor widow, whom he had wronged; to whom the Gentleman said, "Then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it;" "I will grant your motion," said the Chancellor, "Monday next is *St. Barnabas's Day*, which is the longest day in the year; pay it to the widow that day, or I will commit you to the fleet."

CONVERSATION.

IN conversing with a fellow-creature on earth, it is not with his body we converse, though it is his body only which we see. From his words and actions we conceive his mind; with his mind, though

though invisible, we hold correspondence, and direct towards this spiritual essence our affection and regard.

It has been laid down as a rule, that in conversation, women should carefully conceal any knowledge or learning they happen to possess; but there seems neither to be necessity or propriety in this advice. Let discretion and modesty, without which all knowledge is little worth, govern a lady's understanding, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more, than on displaying what she has.

For why should she exhibit her skill in music, dancing, singing, taste in dress, those ornamental graces, and her acquaintance with the most fashionable arts and amusements, while her piety is to be anxiously concealed, and her knowledge *affectedly* disavowed; lest the former should draw on her the appellation of an enthusiast, or the latter that of a pedant.

It would, without doubt, be to the last degree presumptuous and absurd, for a young woman to pretend to give the *ton* to the company, to interrupt the pleasures of others, and her own opportunity of improvement, by *talking* when she ought

to listen; or to introduce subjects out of the common road, in order to shew her own wit, or expose the want of it in others; but were the sex totally silent when any topic of literature happens to be discussed in their presence, conversation would lose much of its vivacity, and society would be robbed of one of its most interesting charms.

ANECDOTE OF A DRUMMER.

IN the late war, an English drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was seized and brought before the French commander, on suspicion of being a spy disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being asked who he was by the general, he answered, a drummer in the English service. This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the Frenchman's suspicion. However, he desired the drummer to beat a retreat, "A retreat, Sir!" (replied the Briton) "I don't know what it is, nor is it known in the English service." This answer so pleased the French officer, that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his general, commending his spirited behaviour.

THE

THE DYING CHRISTIAN

TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit! this mortal frame—
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh! grave, where is thy victory?
Oh! death, where is thy sting?

THE WISH.

I ASK not fortune's partial smile,
Exhaustless source of care;
Not all her fancied gay delights
Can claim a serious prayer.

Nor pleasure's soft alluring form,
With ardent wish I seek;
Far less the captivating bloom
That glows on beauty's cheek.

I ask not, that in calm repose
My even days may flow,
Unruffled by adversity,
Exempt from human woe.

Enough that no reflections keen,
No crimes my soul oppress,
To rob me of the flattering hope
Of future happiness.

But grant me that blest frame of mind,
Where no vain thoughts intrude;
That blest serenity which springs
From conscious rectitude.



RELIGION,

RELIGION,

THE

SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

RELIGION opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and animates the soul more than sensual pleasure.—The imprinting an early and deep sense of Religion on the minds of youth, is an essential part in a complete plan of education.

All sorts of men who have gone before us into an eternal state, have left this great observation behind them; that upon experience they have found, that what vain thoughts soever men may in the heat of their youth, entertain of religion, they will sooner or later, feel a testimony, God hath given in every man's breast, which will one day make them serious, either by the inexpressible fears, terrors, and agonies of a troubled mind, or the inconceivable peace, comfort, and joy of a good conscience. Let profane minds laugh at it as much as they will; there is a secret commerce between God and the souls of good men: they feel the influence of heaven, and become both wiser and better for it: Therefore, those who are
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so happy as to be properly affected by religion, piety and devotion, experience their internal comforts, and the practice of their duty is an everlasting pleasure to them. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his nearest and best friend. The time never lies heavy upon him. It is impossible for him to be alone: his thoughts and passions are most busied at such hours, when those of other men are most inactive. He no sooner steps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him: or, on the contrary, pours out its sorrows, its apprehensions to the great Author and supporter of its existence.

SEARCHING AFTER HAPPINESS.

O H! happiness, thou pleasing dream,
Where is thy substance found?
Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.

The charms of grandeur, pomp, and shew,
Are nought but gilded snares;

Ambition's

Ambition's painful steep ascent,
Thick set with thorny cares.

The busy town, and crowded street,
Where noise and discord reign,
We gladly leave, and tired, retreat,
To breathe and think again.

Yet, if retirement's pleasing charms
Detain the captive mind,
The soft enchantment soon dissolves,
'Tis empty all as wind.

Religion's sacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness for ever shines,
With unpolluted ray.

To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the starry skies,
Where pure, sublime and perfect joys,
In endless prospect rise.

L I F E.

LIFE is an uncertain ocean; numberless, nameless dangers lurk beneath the surface; no one, at his first embarkation, can promise to himself

self he shall go through his voyage unruffled with the storms which from above, below, and every where, impend.

A mixture of pleasures and pains constitutes what we call life; that is to say, a determined space, (always too long in the opinion of wisdom) which ought to be employed in being useful to society of which we are members; in rejoicing in the works of the Almighty, without foolishly enquiring into their causes; in regulating our conduct upon the testimony of our conscience; and, above all, in respecting our religion:—happy, if we could always observe its precepts!

It is thus in the life of a man of sense—a short life is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honor and virtue; when he ceases to be such, he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he be so to his life's end.

For what is life, the longest life of man,
But the same scene repeated o'er and o'er!
A few more ling'ring days to be consum'd
In throngs and crowds, with sharpers, knaves,
and thieves;
From such the speediest riddance is the best.

PROSPECT

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

“ **H**OW should we rejoice in hope of that hour that shall release us from the sinful flesh; and when we shall serve God in spirit without a clog, without a tempter!” O, with what a relish of sacred pleasure should a saint read those words in 2 Cor. 5. 8. “ Absent from the body, and present with the Lord?” Absent from this traitor, this vexing enemy, that we constantly carry about with us! Absent from the clog and chain of this sinful flesh, the prison wherein we are kept in constant darkness, and are confined from God! Absent from these eyes, that have drawn our souls afar from God by various temptations! And absent from these ears, by which we have been allured to transgression and defiling iniquities! Absent from these lusts and passions, from that fear and hope, that pleasure and that pain, that love, that desire, and anger, which are all carnal, and seated in the fleshly nature, and become the spring and occasion of so much sin and mischief to our souls in this state. “ Absent from the body, and present with the Lord:” Methinks there is a heaven contained in the first part of these words, “ Absent from the body;” and a double happiness in the last, “ Present with the Lord:” present with him who hath saved our spirits through all the days

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of our christian conflict, and hath given us the final victory: present with that God, who shall eternally influence us to all holiness, who shall for ever shine upon us with his own beams, and make us conformable to his own holy image: present with that Lord and Saviour, from whom it shall not be in the power of all creatures to divert or draw us aside.

A D R E A M.

TORTUR'D with pain, as late I sleepless lay,
Oppress'd with care, impatient for the day;
Just at the dawn, a gentle slumber came,
And to my wand'ring fancy brought this dream.

Methought my pains were hush'd, and I was
laid

In earth's cold lap, among the silent dead;
Prop'd on my arm, I view'd, with vast surprize,
This last retreat of all the great and wise;
Where fool, with knave, in friendly concert lies. }
Whilst thus I gaz'd, behold a wretch appear'd,
In beggar's garb, with loathsome filth besmear'd;
His carcase, *Lazar* like, was crufted o'er
With odious leprosy, one horrid sore.

This wretch approach'd, and laid him by my side,
Good

Good Heaven!—how great a shock to mortal
pride;

Enrag'd I cry'd—" Friend, keep the distance due

" To us of rank, from beggars such as you;

" Observe some manners, and do me the grace,

" To move far off, and quit your better's place."

" And what art thou? audacious! (he reply'd)

" That thou dost shew such reliques of thy pride?

" What tho' in life the harder lot was mine,

" Of ease and plenty ev'ry blessing thine,

" Yet here, distinctions cease; a beggar's dust

" Shall rise with kings—more happy if more just.

" Till then we both one common mass shall join,

" And spite of scorn, my ashes mix with thine."

A N E C D O T E

O F

David Hume and Lady W——e.

THE lady was partial to the philosopher, and the philosopher was partial to the lady. They once crossed the Firth from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt-water death; and her ladyship's terror induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who with infinite *sang froid*, as-

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fured her, " he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for fishes!" " And pray, my dear friend," said Lady W——e, " which do you think they will eat first?" " Those who are *gluttons*," replied the historian, " will, undoubtedly fall foul of me; but the *epicures* will attack your ladyship."

EXQUISITE IRONY.

A LATE noble lord, who was rather frugal of money, and lavish of promises, had given his note to a gentleman for a considerable sum he owed him: it had been long due, and the Peer never failed when he met him, to make a handsome apology. Tired with promises that did not mean any thing, the creditor one day shewing his Lordship the note, observed, he had no doubt of his intended honour; " but in the mean time," added he, " as this is almost worn out, I should be glad if your lordship would take it up, and give me one upon parchment?" The peer being a man of wit, could not stand the severity of the rebuke, but with a little ceremony paid the money immediately.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE
O F
Mr. ANDREW MILLAR,
A BOOKSELLER.

EVERY body has heard of the book intituled 'Burn's *Justice of the Peace*.' The author of that book, Mr. Burn, was a curate in some of the northern counties of England. When he had completed it, he set out for London to dispose of it in the best way he could. When he arrived there, being an entire stranger in town, he applied to the landlord of the inn where he stopped, a decent looking, obliging sort of a man, to see if he could recommend him to any bookseller, who might be likely to purchase his manuscript. The landlord readily introduced him to a bookseller of his acquaintance, who, upon having the matter explained to him, begged to look at the manuscript. The papers were put into his hands, which he returned in a few days, telling the disappointed author, that he could not venture to give more than twenty pounds for the book. This offer Burn could not think of accepting. He returned very melancholy, to his lodging, sincerely repenting that he had ever put pen to paper on that subject.

By this time, Mr. Andrew Millar was well established in business, and his name had been several times

times mentioned with some degree of respect to Mr. Burn; so that he resolved to wait upon him, without any person to introduce him. He went, communicated his business in few words, was politely received, and informed, that if he would trust the manuscript with him for a few days, he should be able to give him an answer; and in the mean time, as he was from home, he asked the author to dine with him each day, till they should conclude about the business. Mr. Millar, who did not depend upon his own judgment in cases of this sort, sent the manuscript to a young lawyer, with whom he usually advised in regard to law-books. The gentleman, after reading the performance, returned it to Mr. Millar, and informed him, that if he could purchase the copy right for two hundred pounds, he would certainly have a great bargain;—for the book was extremely well written, and much wanted, so that the sale of it must be very considerable.

Mr. Millar having received this information, met the author the next day as usual, and then asked what price he demanded for his work? The author dispirited with the former offer, said, he was at a loss what to ask; for he had been already offered so small a price, that rather than accept of any thing like it, he would throw the papers into the fire. What was this offer? said Mr. Millar.
Only

Only twenty pounds, said Mr Burn, with great ingenuoufness. But, said Mr. Millar, would you think *two hundred guineas* too little? Too little! says Burn in surprize;—No. Well then said Mr. Millar, the book shall be mine, and you shall have the money when you please. The bargain was instantly struck, and a bottle of good port was drank to the good luck of it. Mr. Millar found no reason to repent of his frankness, for the book sold amazingly well; nor had the author any reason to be dissatisfied with his bargain, for Mr. Millar, with a spirit of candour and liberality, that does not always belong to men of his profession, frankly sent *a hundred guineas* to the author for every edition of the book that was printed in his lifetime; and these were many: infomuch, that by the sale of this book alone, he cleared no less than eleven thousand pounds.

Of the Pyramids of Egypt.

THESE famous pyramids, which a number of writers suppose to have been built before the deluge, still resist the injuries of time, which has destroyed so many empires. There are still three of them remaining, not far from Grand Cairo, where

where Memphis formerly stood. The basis of the largest covers eleven acres of ground, and its perpendicular height is 500 feet, but if measured obliquely to the terminating point, 700 feet. It contains a room thirty-four feet long, and seventeen broad, in which is a marble chest, but without either cover or contents, supposed to have been designed for the tomb of the founder. Many stones of this enormous edifice are thirty feet long, four feet high, and three feet broad.

According to Herodotus, an hundred thousand workmen were employed for thirty years, without intermission, either in preparing the materials, or constructing the work. And an inscription informs us, that the vegetables with which they were fed cost sixteen hundred talents, which is about two hundred and eighty-nine thousand three hundred and seventy-nine pounds of our money.

Several writers inveigh against the foolish vanity, which prompted the sovereigns of that country to such ruinous undertakings.

Some have imagined, that the pyramids were granaries, built by Joseph for the seven years of plenty, an opinion very well adapted, for characterizing those people who are wedded to systems.

The

The pyramids were certainly tombs, by means of which the Kings, who were tainted with the prejudices of their country, wished to make themselves immortal, as they would thus secure to their bodies, a habitation inaccessible, and proof against the attacks of time. Besides superstition, probably a desire of preventing disturbances was another motive for imposing such tedious tasks upon the people.

But whatever was the reason, it may not be improper to remark, that the princes who caused these pyramids to be raised, became so hateful by the oppressive labour which they imposed on their subjects, that they did not enjoy those tombs, nor save their names from oblivion.

The Labyrinth is a curiosity, thought to be more wonderful than the pyramids themselves. It is partly under ground, and cut out of a marble rock, consisting of 12 palaces, and 1000 houses, the intricacies of which occasion its name.

Humility in Company.

OF all the qualifications of conversation, humility, if not the most brilliant, is the safest, the most amiable, and the most feminine. The affectation of introducing subjects with which others

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are unacquainted, and of displaying talents superior to the rest of the company, is as dangerous as it is foolish.

There are many who never can forgive another for being more agreeable and more accomplished than themselves, and who can pardon any offence rather than an eclipsing merit. The fable of the nightingale should be ever had in remembrance, as it conveys a most useful lesson replete with valuable instructions. Had the silly warbler conquered his vanity, and resisted the temptation of shewing a fine voice, he might have escaped the talons of the hawk. The melody of his singing was the cause of his destruction; his merit brought him into danger, and his vanity cost him his life.

ANECDOTE.

A NEGRO, who had become bankrupt, surrendered himself to his creditor, who, according to the established custom of the country in such cases, sold him to the Danes. Before the departure of the vessel for the West Indies, the son of this man came to him on shipboard. After the tenderest effusions of sensibility on both sides, the son respectfully reproached the father for not having

having made use of the power the law gave him, of selling his children for paying his debts; and demanded with great earnestness, to be allowed to take his place: but the father, not less generous than the son, having refused to agree to this exchange, the son applied to the owner of the slaves, and had no difficulty in persuading him, that a young robust person was better able to bear the fatigue, than a man already advanced in years. This offer was accepted; the son was put in chains, and the father, in spite of himself, not being able to prevent it, was set at liberty. *Mr. Isert* having been witness to this generous contest, was so affected by it, as to represent it to the governor, who, moved by the story, sent for the owner of the slaves, paid out of his own pocket the money he had given for the old man, and restored the son to his father.

Those who wish to degrade human nature, and vilify the works of God, must often meet with facts which contradict their detestable *hypothesis*. God made man upright; and there are traces of the original propensity of the human mind to beneficence and kindness, in all nations, and among every people.' Whoever attempts to inculcate an opposite doctrine, is guilty of treason,—not against the King,—not against the nation, but against the majesty of human nature.

VERSES ON HAPPINESS.

IS there a man who ne'er has sorrow known,
 Nor felt the pang of fickle fortune's frown?
 Is there a prince or peer of noble birth,
 Who ne'er knew care disturb the hour of mirth?

I fear alas! to search for such is vain:
 The rich, the poor, alike of fate complain;
 'Tis not in pow'r nor riches to bestow
 One happy moment *which* but grief should know.

Who is it then that feels the least distress?
 Who has more joys, or who fears evils less?
 Who does most hours of happiness enjoy?
 I look me round, and fain would say the boy,

Without a sigh, we think he spends the day,
 From play to school, from school again to play,
 And seems not e'er a pensive hour to pass;
 But 'tis not so, he also feels distress.

The boy is still the miniature of man,
 He has his views, so lays his little plan;
 If unsuccessful, then his little cares
 Depress his mind, yet tender as his years.

We look to youth, and hope we there shall see
 A mind more calm, from anxious care more free.
 Here too we err;—the youth ambition fires,
 And racks his heart with numberless desires.

He

He only views the pinnacle of fame,
 Of flatt'ring pow'r and an immortal name,
 But while he gazes on with eager eyes,
 Another gains the *envied* bauble prize.

Thus disappointment all his hope destroys,
 Breaks his proud heart, and blasts his promis'd joys,
 Then is his temper sour'd and manhood spent,
 A scene of fretful, peevish discontent !

Now let us cast our eyes on hoary age,
 Here features grave no happy heart presage;
 The feeble body and the wrinkl'd brow
 Would seem to say, here dwells no pleasure now.

Yet we conjecture wrong ; his bosom glows
 With no wild passion, nor ambition knows ;
 Tho' his pursuits have unsuccessful been,
 Yet is he chearful, yet his mind serene,

Tho' ne'er his foot has enter'd fortune's door,
 And during life been destin'd to be poor ;
 These bring not sorrows on the aged head,
 So soon to rank among the silent dead.

His course is run ;—life's goods or evils seem
 Not much distinguish'd, but an empty dream ;
 The scene is past ; unending joys await
 His rising spirit in a future state,

ANECDOTE.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, *God with us*; on the other, *The common wealth of England*. *I see*, said he, *God and the common wealth are on different sides*.

THE
LIBERTINE

REPULSED.

HENCE, Belmour, perfidious! this instant
retire,

No further entreaties employ,
Nor meanly pretend any more to admire,
What basely you wish to destroy.

Say, youth, must I madly rush forward on shame,
If a traitor but artfully sighs?
And eternally part with my honour and fame,
For a compliment paid to my eyes?

If a flame all dishonest be vilely profess,
Thro' tenderness must I incline,
And seek to indulge the repose of a breast,
That would plant endless tortures in mine!

No,

No, Belmour!—a passion I can't but despise,
Shall never find way to my ears;
Nor a man meet a glance of regard from these eyes,
That would drench them for ever in tears.

Can the lover who thinks, nay, who wishes me
base!

Expect that-I e'er should be kind?
Or atone, with a paltry address to my face,
For the injury done to my mind?

Hence, Belmour, this instant! and cease ev'ry
dream,

Which your hope saw so foolishly born;
Nor vainly imagine to gain my esteem,
By deserving my hate and my scorn.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED BY

A Young Lady to her Father.

O H! author of my being! far more dear
To me than light, than nourishment, or
rest,

Hygeia's blessings, rapture's burning tear,
Or the life blood, that mantles in my breast.

If

If in my heart, the love of virtue glows,
 'Twas planted there by an unerring rule,
 From thy example the pure flame arose,
 Thy life my precept, thy good works my school.

Could my weak pow'rs thy num'rous virtues trace,
 By filial love each fear should be repress'd,
 The blush of incapacity I'd chase,
 And stand *recorder* of thy worth confess'd.

But since my niggard stars that gift refuse,
 Concealment is the only boon I claim;
 Obscure be still the unsuccessful muse,
 Who cannot raise, but would not sink thy fame.

Oh! of my life at once the source and joy!
 If e'er thy eyes these feeble lines survey,
 Let not their folly, their intent destroy,
 Accept the tribute but forget the lay.

ON THE FOLLY OF
Sacrificing Comfort to Taste.

THERE are certain homely, but sweet comforts and conveniences, the absence of which no elegance can supply. Since, however, they have nothing of external splendour, they are often sacrificed to the gratification of vanity. We live
 too

too much in the eyes and minds of others, and too little to our own consciences, and too little to our own satisfaction. We are more anxious to appear, than to be happy. According to the present modes of living, and ideas of propriety, an ostentatious appearance must be at all events, and in all instances, supported. If we can preserve a glittering and glossy varnish, we disregard the interior materials and substance. Many shew a disposition in every part of their conduct, similar to that of the Frenchman, who had rather go without a shirt, than without ruffles; rather starve as a count, than enjoy affluence and independence as an honest merchant. Men idolize the great, and the distinctions of fashionable life, with an idolatry so reverential and complete, that they seem to mistake it for their duty towards God. For to use the words of the catechism, do they not appear to believe in them, to fear them, to love them with all their hearts, with all their minds, with all their souls, and with all their strength; to worship them, to give them thanks, to put their whole trust in them, to call upon them, to honour their names and their words, and to serve them truly all the days of their lives?" As they worship false goods, their blessings are of the kind which corresponds with the nature of their deities. They are all shadowy

dowy and unsubstantial; dreams, bubbles, and meteors, which dance before their eyes, and often lead them to perdition.

It is really lamentable to behold families of a competent fortune, and respectable rank, who, (while they deny themselves even the common pleasures of a plentiful table, while their kitchen is the cave of cold and famine, while their neighbours, relations, and friends, pity and despise, as they pass, the comfortless and unhospitable door) scruple not to be profusely expensive in dress, furniture, building, equipage, at public entertainments, in excursions to Bath, Tunbridge, or Brighton. To feed the fashionable extravagance, they rob themselves of indulgences which they know to be more truly satisfactory; for which of them returneth from the midnight assembly, or from the summer excursions, without complaining of dulness, fatigue, and insipidity? They have shewn themselves, they have seen many fine persons, and many fine things; but have they felt the delicious pleasures of domestic peace, the tranquil delights of social intercourse at their own towns and villages, the solid satisfactions of a cool collected mind, the comforts arising from a disembarassed state of finances, and the love and respect of a neighbourhood? The poor imitator of splend

did

did misery, little greatness, and titled infamy, risks his liberty and last shilling to become a man of taste and fashion. He boasts that he is a happy man, for he is a man of pleasure; he knows how to enjoy life; he professes the important science called the *Scavoir Vivre*. Give him the distinction which, in the littleness and blindness of his soul, he considers as the source of happiness and honour. Allow him his claim to taste, give him the title of a man of pleasure, and since he insists upon it, grant him his pretensions to *Scavoir Vivre*. But at the same time he cannot deny that he is hunted by his creditors, that he is obliged to hide himself, lest he should lose his liberty; that he is eating the bread and the meat, and wearing the clothes of those whose children are crying for a morsel, and shivering in rags. If he has brought himself to such a state as to feel no uneasiness, when he reflects on his embarrassment, and its consequences to others; he is a base, worthless, and degenerate wretch: but if he is uneasy, where is his happiness? where his exalted enjoyments? how much happier had been this boaster of happiness, had he lived within the limits of reason, duty, and his fortune, in love and unity with his own regular family, at his own fire-side, beloved, trusted, respected in the neighbourhood, afraid of no creditor or persecution, nor of any thing else, but of doing

wrong?—He might not indeed have made a figure on the turf; he might not have had the honour of leading the fashion; but he would probably have had health, wealth, fame and peace. Many a man who is seldom seen, and never heard of, enjoys, in the silence and security of a private life, all which this sublunary state can afford to sweeten the cup, and to lighten the burthen. /

In things of an inferior nature, and such as are not immediately connected with moral conduct; the same predilection for external appearance, and the same neglect of solid comfort, when placed in competition with the display of an affected taste, are found to prevail. Our houses are often rendered cold, small, and inconvenient, for the sake of preserving a regularity of external figure, or of copying the architecture of a warmer climate. Our carriages are made dangerous or incommodious, for the sake of attracting the passenger's eye, by something new or singular in their shape, strength, or fabric. Our dress is fashioned in uneasy forms, and with troublesome superfluities, or uncomfortable defects, just as the Proteus, fashion, issues out the capricious edicts of a variable taste. We even eat and drink, see and hear, not according to our own appetites and senses, but as the prevalent taste happens to direct. In this refined

refined age we are all persons of taste, from the hair-dresser and milliner, to the duke and duchess. The question is, not what is right, prudent, pleasing, comfortable, but what is the taste. Hence beggarly finery, and lordly beggary.

The sacrifice of comfort to taste is visible in our modern gardens. I rejoice in the explosion of the Dutch manner. I expatiate with raptured eye and imagination over the noble scenes created by a Kent and a Brown. But at the same time I lament that our cold climate often renders the sublime and magnificent taste in gardening incompatible with comfort. Winter as the poet says, often lingers in the lap of May. How pleasing to step out of the house, and bask under a sunny wall covered with bloom, to watch the expansion of a rose bud, and to see even the humble pea and bean shooting up with all the vigour of vernal fertility. But now the mansion-house stands naked and forlorn. You descend from the flight of steps. You are saluted by the rudest breath of Eurus and Boreas. No trees, no walls, no out-houses, even the kitchen and offices subterraneous. Not a corner to seek the genial warmth of a meridian sun. Fine prospects indeed all around. But you cannot stay to look at them. You fly to your chimney-corner, happy if the persecuting blast pursues you
not

not to your last recess. We allow all that taste can claim. We admire and love her beauties; but they are dearly bought at the expence of comfort.

A little and inclosed garden adds greatly to the real enjoyment of a rural retreat: though taste has thrown down the walls, and laid all open; I venture to predict, that before the lapse of half a century, good sense and the love of comfort will rebuild them. The grounds beyond may still be laid out in the grandest and most beautiful style; but let the house stand in the midst of a little cultivated spot, where every vegetable beauty and delicacy may be displayed, and where the rigours of our inclement clime may be softened with elegant inclosures. The contrast between this, which I would call the domestic, and the other which might be named the outer garden or the grove, would produce an effect by no means unpleasing. They who have no taste for flowers, and the thousand beauties of an inclosed garden, are but pretenders to any kind of taste in the graces of horticulture.

Indeed, such is the nature of man, we commonly advance improvement to the verge of impropriety. We now loath the idea of a straight line, and a regular row of trees. But let us not, in the pride of our hearts, flatter ourselves with
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the unerring rectitude of our taste. Many of the ancients who possessed the best taste, not only in poetry and eloquence, but in arts, in painting, sculpture, architecture, were great admirers of plantations perfectly regular, and laid out in quincunxes. However vanity and fashion may dictate and declaim, the world will not always believe that Homer, Virgil, Cyrus, Cicero, Bacon, and Temple, were totally mistaken in their ideas of horticultural beauty.

Cicero informs us, in a fine quotation from Xenophon's *œconomics*, that when Lyfander came to Cyrus, a prince equally distinguished for his glorious empire and his genius, Cyrus shewed him a piece of ground *well inclosed and completely planted*. After the visitor had admired the tall and straight trees, and the rows regularly formed in a quincunx, and the ground clear of weeds, and well cultivated, and the sweetness of the odours which exhaled from the flowers, he could not help expressing his admiration, not only of the diligence, but the skill of him, by whom all this was measured and marked out; upon which Cyrus answered, "It was myself who measured every thing, the rows of trees are of my disposing, the plan is mine, and many of the trees were planted with my own hand." An illustrious pattern, which I hope our
English

English noblemen and gentlemen will not be afraid to follow. Why always employ a professed plan-maker? Why sacrifice their own amusement and inclination to the will of another, and to the imperious edicts of capricious fashion.

AN ANECDOTE.

SOME time after the conclusion of the late war, a young American was present in a British playhouse, where an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. A number of American officers being introduced in tattered uniforms, and barefoot, the question was put to them severally, "What was your trade before you entered into the army?" One answered a taylor, another a cobbler, &c. The wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themselves clothed and shod; but before that could be expressed, the American exclaimed from the gallery, "Great-Britain beaten by taylors and cobblers! Huzza!" Even the prime minister, who was present, could not help smiling, amidst a general peal of laughter.

ANECDOTE.

ANECDOTE.

AN ingenious young gentleman, at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the Colleges at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the drowfiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of scripture for his text. *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* at every division he concluded with his text; which by reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awaked him; this was so noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some excuses, he at length condescended; and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the first and sixth waver not*; meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland: at first the King was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary: After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down

to Oxford to make his recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of the former text: *Sleep on now, and take your rest*: Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, whereas I said before, which gave offence, *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* I say now, *Sleep on, and take your rest*: and so left the University.

The Invisible Nature of GOD.

WE are the work of some more powerful and superior hand; but how we came first into being, we know not: the manner of our original existence is hid from us in darkness: we are neither conscious of our creation, nor of the Power which created us. He made us, but he hid himself from our eyes and ears, and all the searches of sense. He has sent us to dwell in this visible world, amidst an endless variety of images, figures and colours, which force themselves upon our senses; but he for ever disclaims all image, colour and figure himself. He hath set us, who are inferior spirits, this task, in these regions of mortal flesh, to search and *feel after him, if haply we may find,*
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the supreme, the infinite and eternal spirit. *We are* near a kin to him, even his *own offspring*; but we see not our Father's face; nor can all the powers of our nature come at the knowledge of him that made us, but by the labours and inferences of our reason. We toil and work backward to find our Creator: from our present existence, we trace out his eternity; and through the chain of a thousand visible effects, we search out the first the invisible, and Almighty cause.

When we fancy we perceive something of him, it is at a distance, and in a dusky twilight. We espy some faint beams, some glimmerings of his glory breaking through the works of his hands; but he himself stands behind the veil; and does not shew himself in open light to the sons and daughters of mortality. Happy creatures, if we could make our way so near him, as to behold the lovely and adored beauties of his nature; if we could place our souls directly under his kindest influences, as to feel ourselves adore him in the most profound humility, and love him with the most sublime affection.



TRUE VIRTUE AND HONOUR.

MEN possessed of these, value not themselves upon any regard to inferior obligation; and yet violate that which is the most sacred and ancient of all—Religion. They should consider such violation as a severe reproach in the most enlightened state of human nature; and under the purest dispensation of religion, it appears to have extinguished the sense of gratitude to Heaven and to slight all acknowledgment of the great and true God. Such conduct implies either an entire want, or a wilful suppression of some of the best and most generous affections belonging to human nature.

ANECDOTE.

A WOMAN went to find a monk and said to him, that she had stolen a packet which charged her conscience. *You must restore it,* answered the monk. But, father, I am not suspected, and if I restore it, I am dishonoured. Well, answered the monk, bring the theft to me; I myself will make the restitution. The woman liked the expedient wonderfully, and in a short while after, she put into the hands of the monk a basket, well wrapped

wrapped in linen with an address on a card. The monk took the basket, and the woman retired with precipitation. The monk carried the deposit in triumph to the convent ; and says to his brothers on entering, *here is my work*. At the same time they heard the cries of an infant. It was indeed a new born child wrapped up in a basket, which the good woman had confided to the monk, as a packet which charged her conscience.

THE FREQUENT
CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH
NECESSARY

To moderate the Passions.

IT is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a stated hour, *Remember, prince, that thou shalt die*. And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our present state appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages; *Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life*.

A frequent

A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment, which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is indeed of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him who should begin every day with a serious reflection that he is born to die. The disturbers of our happiness, in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these, the consideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. Think, says Epictetus, frequently on poverty, banishment, and death, and thou wilt then never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments.

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on just observation will easily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerness after the common objects of pursuit is kindled in our minds.—We represent to ourselves the pleasures of some future possession, and suffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engrossed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happiness but its attainment, or any misery but its loss; every other satisfaction which the bounty of providence has scattered over life, is neglected as inconsiderable, in comparison of the great object

ject which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as standing in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before his eyes. The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendant of supplicants, have appeared vain and empty things, when the last hour seemed to be approaching; and the same appearance they would always have, if the same thought was always predominant. We should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to desire; we are uneasy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happiness would be advanced by the addition of that which he withholds from us; and therefore whatever depresses immoderate riches, will, at the same time, set the heart free from the corrosion of envy, and exempt us from that vice which is, above most others, tormenting
to

to ourselves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices and sordid projects. He that considers how soon he must close his life, will find nothing of so much importance as to close it well; and will, therefore, look with indifference upon whatever is useless to that purpose. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out that the state of others is not more permanent, and that what can confer nothing on himself very desirable, cannot so much improve the condition of a rival, as to make him much superior to those from whom he has carried the prize, a prize too mean to deserve a very obstinate opposition.

Even grief, that passion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly subject, will be obviated or alleviated by the same thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little, which our most lively hopes can promise us, may be made less by ten thousand accidents; we shall not much repine at a loss of which we cannot estimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the least amount, we know, with sufficient certainty, the greatest,

greatest, and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted.

But if any passion has so much usurped our understanding, as not to suffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation prescribed by reason, it is not too late to apply this remedy, when we find ourselves sinking under sorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vanished.— We may then usefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had stayed a little longer, we should ourselves have been taken away.

With regard to the sharpest and most melting sorrow, that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness; it may be observed, that friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must sometime mourn for the other's death: And this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels his friend has escaped.

Nor is fear, the most overbearing and resistless of all our passion, less to be tempered by this universal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it shews the vanity of

all human good, discovers likewise the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which certainly can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts; and according to the old observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, must, by the necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. The soul cannot long be held in prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice.

The utmost that we can threaten to one another is that death, which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wise man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, since he knows not how small a portion of time he can purchase, but knows, that whether short or long, it will be made less valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is sure that he destroys his happiness, but is not sure that he lengthens his life.

The known shortness of life, as it ought to moderate our passions, may likewise, with equal propriety, contract our designs. There is not time for the most forcible genius, and most active industry, to extend its effects beyond a certain sphere. To project the conquest of the world, is the madness of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in
every

every science, has been the folly of literary heroes; and both have found at last, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have lost many opportunities of making themselves useful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a species of honour, which the eternal laws of providence have placed beyond the reach of man.

The miscarriages of the great designs of princes are recorded in the histories of the world, but are of little use to the bulk of mankind, who seem very little interested in admonitions against errors which they cannot commit. But the fate of learned ambition is a proper subject for every scholar to consider; for who has not had occasion to regret the dissipation of great abilities in a boundless multiplicity of pursuits, to lament the sudden desertion of excellent designs, upon the offer of some other subject made inviting by its novelty, and to observe the inaccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfinished, by too great an extension of the plan?

It is always pleasing to observe how much more our minds can conceive than our bodies can perform; yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated state, to regulate one part of our composition by some regard to the other. We

are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleasures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with schemes which we know our lives must fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to set bounds to our designs, and add incitements to our industry; and when we find ourselves inclined either to immensity in our schemes, or sluggishness in our endeavours, we may either check or animate ourselves, by recollecting, with the father of physic, *that art is long, and life is short.*

ANECDOTE.

AN Astrologer in the time of Lewis XI. extricated himself very ingeniously from danger. He had foretold to the king, that a lady whom he loved should die in eight days; which having happened, the prince caused the astrologer to be brought before him, and commanded his servants not to fail to throw him out at the window, at a signal which he would give them. As soon as the king saw him: "You who pretend to be such a wise man," says he to him, "and who knows so exactly the fate of others, tell me this moment, what will be yours, and how long you have
have

have yet to live?" Whether it was that the astrologer had been secretly informed of the design of the king, or that he guessed it: 'Sire,' answered he, without testifying any fear, 'I shall die just three days before your Majesty.' The king, after that answer, was not in haste to give the signal for them to throw him out of the window; on the contrary he took particular care to let him want for nothing.

ANECDOTE

O F

THE LATE LORD R——

THE late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning, and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ach, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection, and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying

trying your lancet upon me?"—"A-propos," said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the house to-day!" Lord R—— answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of?"—The Earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment: he carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

ANECDOTE
OF
KING CHARLES II.

KING Charles the Second asked Stillingfleet, how it came about, that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed he always preached without book elsewhere? He told the king, that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself. With which answer the king was very well

well contented. ‘But, pray,’ says Stillingfleet, ‘will your Majesty give me leave to ask a question too:—Why you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?’—“Why, truly, Doctor,” says the King, “your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer: *I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face.*”

ANECDOTE OF Dr. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was told that his translation of Pope’s *Messiah*, was made either as a common exercise, or as an imposition for some negligence he had been guilty of at College, he answered, “No: at Pembroke the former were always in prose, and to the latter I would not have submitted. I wrote it rather to shew the tutors what I could do, than what should be done. It answered my purpose; for it convinced those who were well enough inclined to punish me, that I could wield a scholar’s weapon as often as I was menaced with arbitrary inflictions. Before the frequency of personal satire had weakened its effect, the petty tyrants of colleges stood in awe of a pointed remark, on a vindictive epigram: but since every man in his turn has been wounded, no man is ashamed of a scar.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF Dr. YOUNG.

ONE day, as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married) the servant came to acquaint him, a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation!" The ladies insisted upon it he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding resistance vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden
driv'n,
"And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n:
"Like him I go, but yet to go am loth,
"Like him I go, for angels drove us both:
"Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
"His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."



THE GARDEN OF HOPE:

A DREAM.

THERE is no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be unsupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises, what is seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frus-

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trates

trates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first rapture, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that at a small distance from me, there were brighter showers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all their power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at
my

my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the bird flew still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many alternations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness: yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern, beyond themselves. Most of them seemed by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome enquiries. At last I observed one man worn with time and unable to struggle in the crowd; and therefore, supposing him more at leisure, I began to accost him; but he turned from me with anger, and told me he must not be disturbed, for the great hour of his projection was

now come, when Mercury should lose his wings, and slavery should no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose softness of mien, and easy movement, gave me reason to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of serving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years soliciting would soon be vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in haste to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who by course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasure in a new invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from inquiry, and to try what my own observation would discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all those whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me were incited by the promises of Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned

I turned my sight upward and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowd that filled it. From this station I observed that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which was kept by Reason, and the other by Fancy. Reason was surly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories and long hesitation; but Fancy was a kind and gentle portress, she held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendency; so that the passage was crowded by all those who either feared the examination of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a cragged, slippery, and winding

ing path, called the *Streight of Difficulty*, which those who entered with the permission of the guard, endeavoured to climb. But though they surveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on a sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of these few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the rest retired with their prize, and were led by Wisdom to the bowers of Content.

Turning then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the seat of Hope; but though she sat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side inaccessible,
 steep,

steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, but quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of Idleness, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.

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